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M22s

SONGS OF PRAISE AND ADVENTION AND CONFESSION

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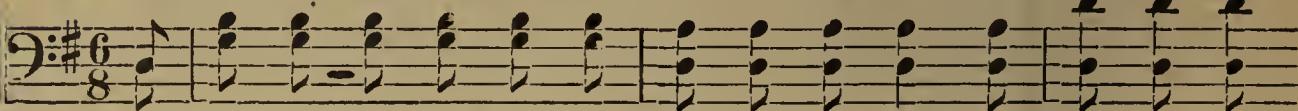
I'll Go Every Step of the Way.

Words except Cho., arr. by
W. A. SCOTT.

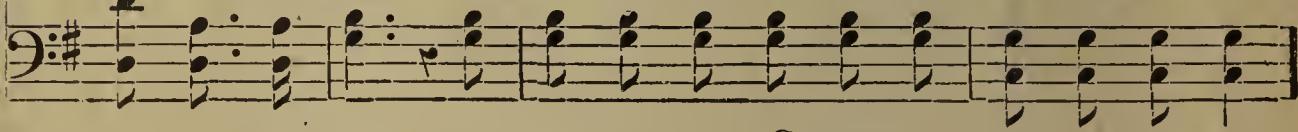
Music arr. by
JENNIE STROMBERG.



1. O friend, does the path-way seem lone-ly and long, Go for-ward with
2. Like Da-vid tho' gi-ants be-fore you may tow'r, Go for-ward in
3. The wav it may lead thro' the dark pris-on door, Go on in the
4. When Daniel of old to the li-ons' den went, His pur-pose of



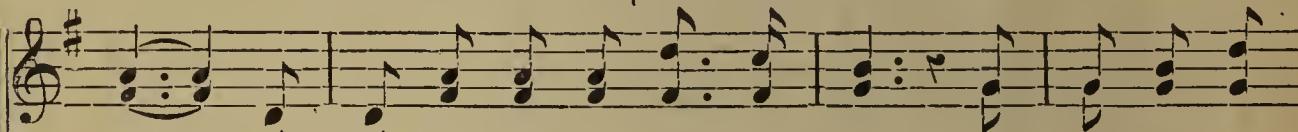
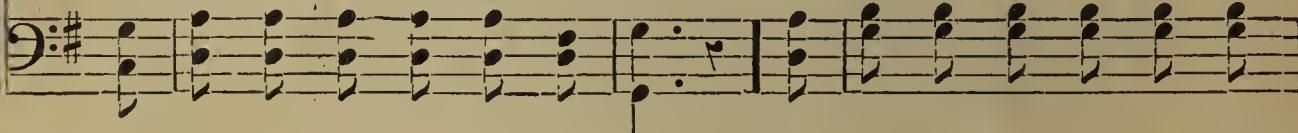
no doubt or fear; The dev-il will flee at the tri-um-phant song,
Vic-to-ry's name; Our Je-sus in heav-en and earth has all pow'r,
name of your King; Think of Si-las and Paul who have gone on be-fore,
heart did not fail; If your hands are wash'd clean and your heart is made pure,



CHORUS.



That Heaven re-joic-es to hear. I'll go ev'-ry step of the
His prom-ise re-main-eth the same.
The joy of the Lord made them sing.
In the name of the Lord you'll pre-vail.



way; I'll go ev'-ry step of the way; Come sor-row or



pain, come loss or come gain, I'll go ev'-ry step of the way.



- 5 The three Hebrews walked through the fire without fear,
By faith they rejoiced o'er the foe,
With the "Fourth like the Son of our God" ever near,
We'll onward in victory go.

- 6 See Stephen, the faithful, stand true to his God,
"Forgive them," was all he could say,
He saw heaven open, beheld his dear Lord,
And went ev-ry step of the way.

Songs of

PRAISE AND SALVATION.

1

Sweeter Than All.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



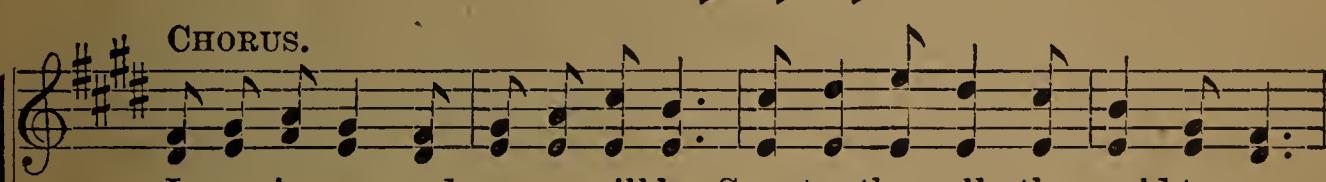
1. Christ will me His aid af-ford, Nev - er to fall, nev - er to fall,
2. I will fol - low all the way, Hearing Him call, hear-ing Him call,
3. Tho' a ves - sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small,
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voic - es will call, voic - es will call,



While I find my precious Lord, Sweeter than all, sweet-er than all.
 Find-ing Him, from day to day, Sweeter than all, sweet-er than all.
 Yet His blessings fall on me, Sweeter than all, sweet-er than all.
 But my Saviour's voice will be Sweeter than all, sweet-er than all.



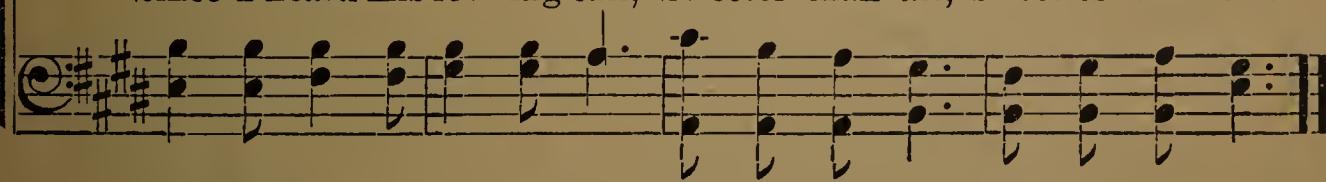
CHORUS.



Je-sus is now and ev - er will be Sweeter than all the world to me,



Since I heard His lov - ing call, - Sweeter than all, sweet-er than all.



Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. M.



1. Ye are the temples, Je-sus hath spoken, Temples of God's ho-ly
 2. He who has pardon'd surely will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
 3. Showers of mer-cy, fullness of blessing, Ev-er the Spir-it's in-
 4. Weary of wand'ring, come into Canaan, Feast on the fullness and



Spir-it di-vine; Have ye receiv'd Him, bidden Him enter, Make His a-na-ture refine; Cleans'd from all sin, His Spir-it will enter, Fill you and dwelling attend; 'Tis this enduement, pow-er of service, Fruits for your fat of the land; Feed on the manna, dwell in the sunshine, Led by His



CHORUS.



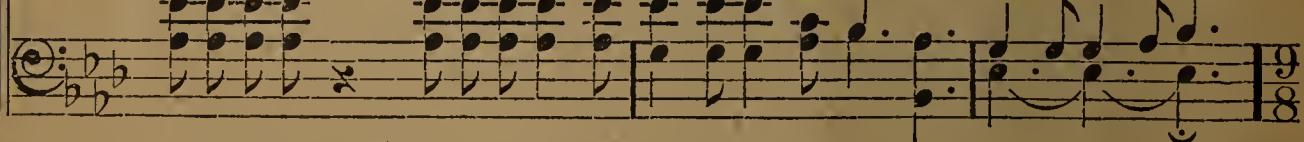
bode in that poor heart of thine? Have . . . ye re-ceived, . . .
 thrill you with power di-vine.
 la-bor He surely will send.
 Spir-it and kept by His hand.

Have ye received,

have ye received,

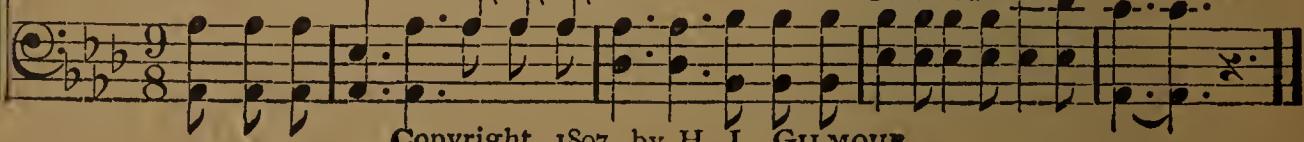


since . . . ye be-lieved, The bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost? . . .
 since ye believ'd, since ye believ'd, blessed, blessed Ho-ly, blessed Ho-ly Ghost?



He who has promis'd, gift of the Father, Have ye receiv'd the Holy Ghost?

received



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He's Mighty to Save!

E. E. HEWITT.

"Mighty to save."—ISA. 63:1. W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Je - sus is wait-ing His grace to bestow, Sin "red like crimson" He
2. Stand-ing a-lone in the strife we shall fail, Close to our Leader His
3. Take Him the burden that weighs on your heart, Take Him the trouble, He'll
4. Up from the val-ley the darkness is gone, When Jesus brings there the



makes white as snow; Lov-ing us free - ly, His life-blood He gave;
 might will pre-vail; Or if a bless-ing for oth - ers we crave,
 com - fort im-part; Held by His hand we can walk on the wave;
 beau - ty of dawn; Vic-t'ry, glad vic-t'ry, we sing o'er the grave!



CHORUS.



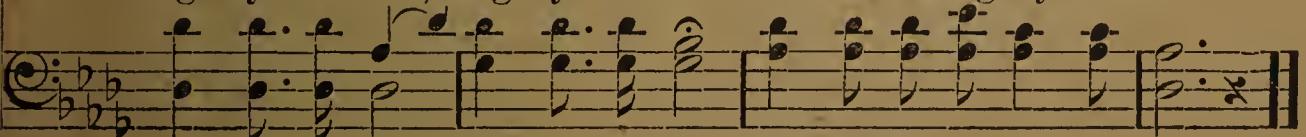
Bless-ed Re-deem-er—He's mighty to save! Might-y to save,
 Pray on, be-liev-ing—He's mighty to save!
 Look up to Je-sus—He's mighty to save!
 Glo - ry to Je-sus—He's mighty to save!



might-y to save—Je-sus is might-y to save!
 is might - y to save, He is



Might-y to save, mighty to save—Je-sus is mighty to save!



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The Pentecostal Power.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The pow'r that fell at Pen - te - cost, When in that up- per room, Up -
 2. "Ye shall have pow'r (said Je-sus) when The Ho- ly Ghost is come;" Your
 3. The wav'ring shall steadfast become; The weak in faith be strong, With
 4. Breathe on us now the Ho- ly Ghost, The young and old in-spire; Let

on the watching, waiting ones, The Holy Ghost had come, Remaineth ev- er-
 loosened tongues shall speak His praise, Your lips no more be dumb, The timid, shrinking
 holy boldness going forth, Denouncing sin and wrong; With burning zeal each
 each receive his Pentecost, Send hearts and tongues of fire; Thou wonderful trans-

CHORUS.

more the same; Unchanging still, O praise His name. The pow'r, the pow'r, the
 ones be brave, To reach a hand the lost to save.
 heart a-flame, A whole sal-va - tion to proclaim.
 forming pow'r, Come now in this ac-cept-ed hour. The pow'r, the pow'r,

Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r Is just the same to-day, Is just the same to-day;
 the same to-day, the same to-day;

The pow'r, the pow'r, the Pentecostal pow'r Is just the same to-day.
 The pow'r, the pow'r, just the same,

'Tis Burning in My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. God sent His might-y power To this poor, sin - ful heart, To
 2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A
 3. No good that I have done, His prom - ise I embrace; Ac-



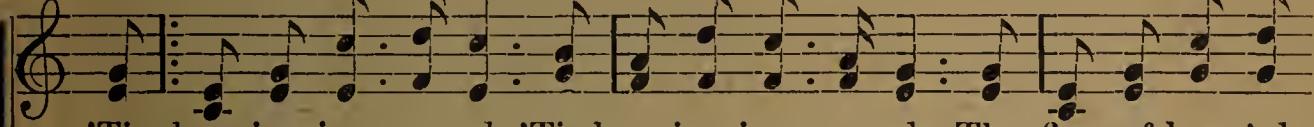
keep me every hour, And needful grace impart; And since His Spir-it came
 willing off'ring now, My all from day to day, My Saviour paid the price,
 cept-ed in the Son, He saves me by His grace, All glo-ry be to God!



To take supreme control, The love enkindled flame Is burning in my soul.
 My name He sweetly calls; Up - on the sac-ri-fice The fire from heaven falls.
 Let hal-le-lu-jahs roll; His love is shed abroad, The fire is in my soul.



CHORUS.



'Tis burning in my soul, 'Tis burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly
 Ho - ly Spir-it came, All glo - ry to His name! The fire of heav'nly



love is burn-ing in my soul. The
 love is burn-ing (Omit.) in my soul. in my soul.



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REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. When Is - rael out of bon-dage came, A sea be - fore them lay;
2. Be - fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray;
3. When sorrows dark, like stormy waves, Were dash-ing o'er my way;
4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need - ed grace I'll pray;



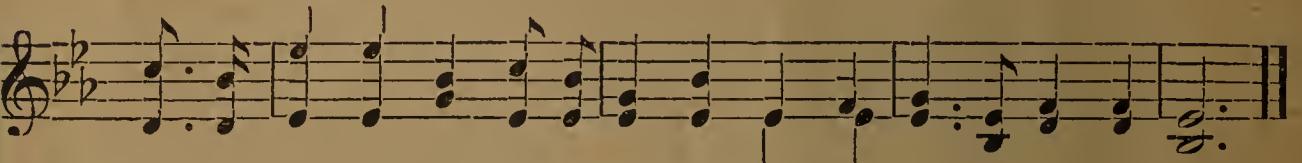
The Lord reach'd down His mighty hand, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 My heart's de-sire the Sav-iour read, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 A - gain the Lord in mer - cy came, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 I know the Lord will quickly come, And roll the sea a - way.



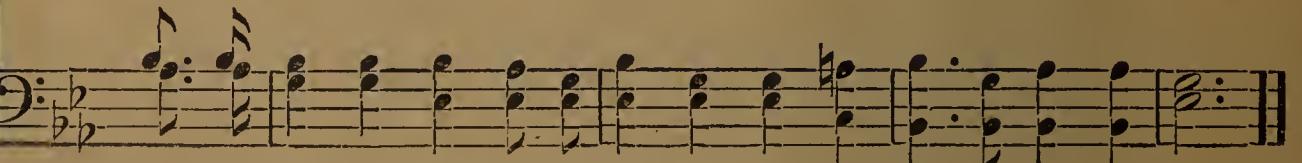
CHORUS.



Then for-ward still, 'tis Je-ho-vah's will, Tho' the bil-lows dash and spray;



With a conq'ring tread we will push a-head, He'll roll the sea a - way.



Higher Ground.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



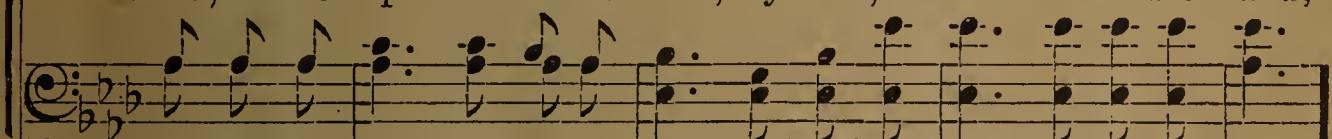
Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim, is higher ground.
 For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



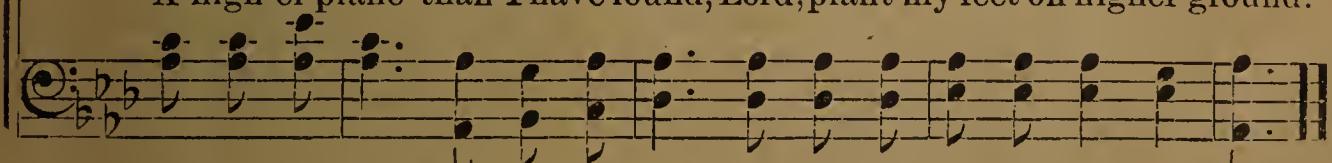
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;



A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

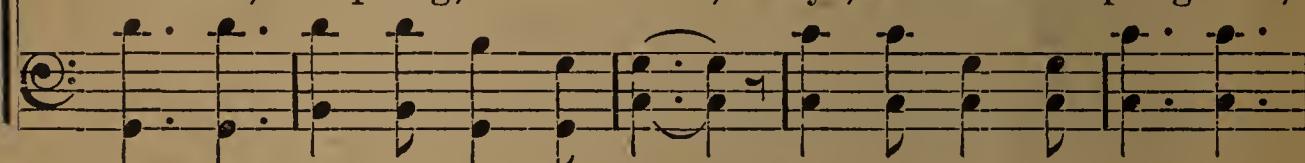




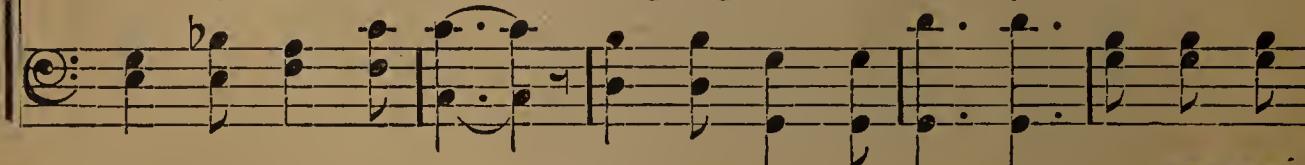
1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Blessed golden ray, Like a star of
 2. Ros-es fade around me, Lil-ies bloom and die, Earthly sunbeams
 3. Steps un-seen be-fore me, Hid-den dangers near; Near-er still my



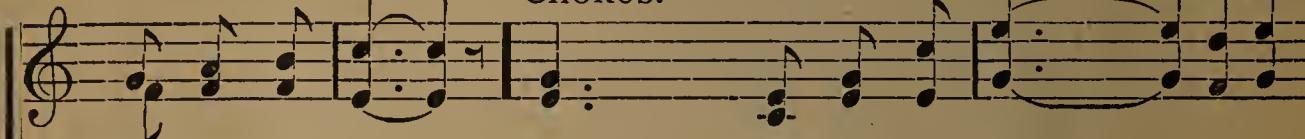
glo-ry, Light-ing up my way! Thro' the clouds of mid-night,
 van-ish—Ra-diant still the sky! Je-sus, Rose of Shar-on,
 Sav-iour, Whisp'ring, "Be of cheer," Joys, like birds of spring-time,



This bright promise shone, "I will nev-er leave thee, Nev-er will
 Blooming for his own, Je-sus, Heaven's sunshine, Nev-er will
 To my heart have flown, Sing-ing all so sweet-ly, "He will not



CHORUS.



leave thee a - lone." No, nev-er a - lone,
 leave me a - lone.
 leave me a - lone." Nev - er a - lone, nev - er a - lone,



No, nev-er a - lone; He prom-ised nev-er to leave me,



Never Alone. Concluded.

1 2

Never to leave me a - lone. Never to leave me a - lone.

9 Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

6

1. The trust-ing heart to Je - sus clings, Nor an - y ill for - bodes,
2. The pass-ing days bring ma-ny cares, "Fear not," I hear him say,
3. He tells me of my Fa-ther's love, And nev - er-slumb'ring eye;
4. When to the throne of grace I flee, I find the prom-ise true,

6

But at the cross of Cal-v'ry, sings, Praise God for lift - ed loads !
And when my fears are turned to prayers, The burdens slip a - way.
My ev - er - last-ing King a - bove Will all my needs sup - ply.
The mighty arms up-hold-ing me Will bear my bur-dens too.

CHORUS.

#

Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, Praising the Lord, praising the Lord,

rit. ad lib.

#

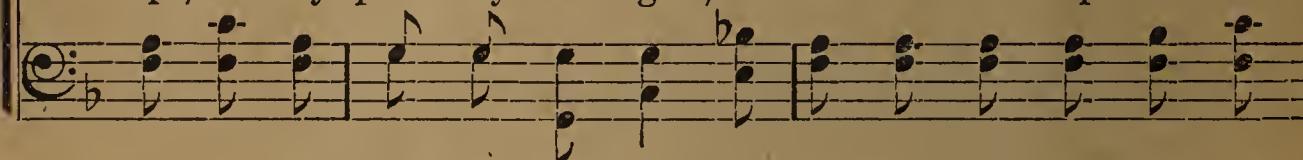
Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, For Jesus has lift-ed my load.



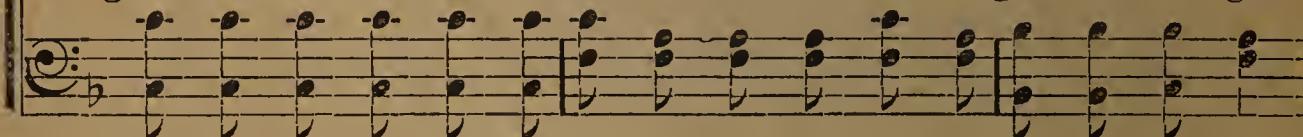
1. My Sav-iour is with me, and walks close beside me; I fol-low him
 2. He's with me in mer-cy, he's with me in spir-it, There's nothing can
 3. I'm sav'd, and re-joice in this glorious sal-va-tion; I'm wondrously



glad-ly wher - ev - er he leads; He cleans-es so ful - ly and
 harm me when he is so near; He nev - er will leave me, he's
 kept, and my path-way is bright; I live in the hope of the



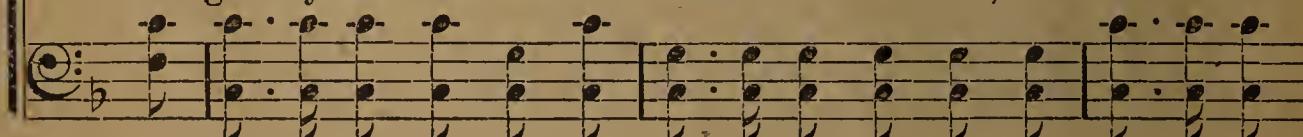
keeps me so sweet-ly, Ac-cord-ing to prom-ise sup-pli-eth my need.
 with me this moment, My light in all darkness, my trust in all fear.
 great res - ur - rec-tion When I shall be - hold him in garments of light.



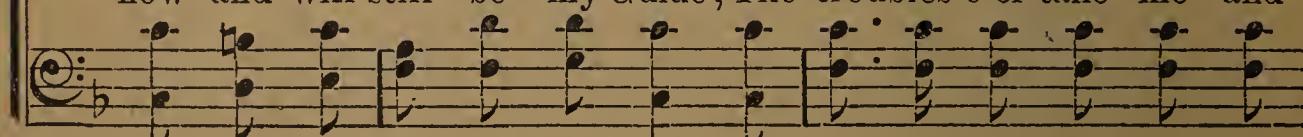
CHORUS.



O glo - ry to Je - sus he bless-es and saves me, He sat - is-fies



now and will still be my Guide; Tho' troubles o'er-take me and



He Blesses and Saves Me. Concluded.

ritard.

dangers be-fall me, His grace will uphold me what-ev - er be-tide.

11

Shining More and More.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—PROV. 4:18.

E. E. HEWITT. W. M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We'll fol-low Je-sus in the way, Shin-ing more and more;
2. With ten-der love and wondrous grace, Shin-ing more and more;
3. With faith that rests a - lone on him, Shin-ing more and more;
4. With beams of ev - er - last-ing light, Shin-ing more and more;

It lead-eth to the per-fect day, Shin-ing more and more.
With sunshine from the Saviour's face, Shin-ing more and more.
With hopes, no pass-ing cloud can dim, Shin-ing more and more.
With gleams of glo - ry, pure and bright, Shin-ing more and more.

CHORUS.

Shin-ing more and more, As nears the gold-en shore;
Shin-ing more, more and more,

The path that Je-sus loves to bless, It shin-eth more and more.



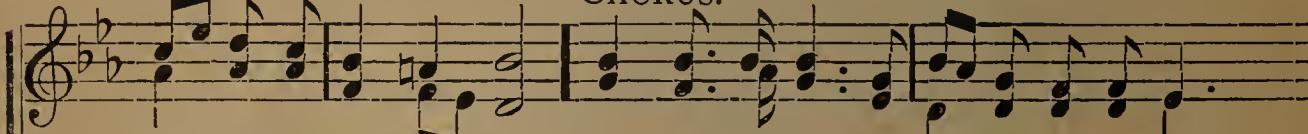
1. When the tempests rage and the storms beat high There is refuge near, and a
 2. Not a cloud so dark but his love shines thro', Not a shade so deep but his
 3. Not a teardrop falls but the Saviour knows, And his great heart throbs with our
 4. Nev - er yet in vain has a sin-ner cried, Never yet in vain was the



shel-ter nigh; He who calm'd the winds and the rolling wave Is Je - ho - vah
 face we view; For his arm is strong and his heart is kind, All who in him
 bit - ter woes; For he knows our flesh and our feeble frame, Ev - ery pang we
 blood applied; Who-so-ev - er will may in him be blest, Who-so - ev - er

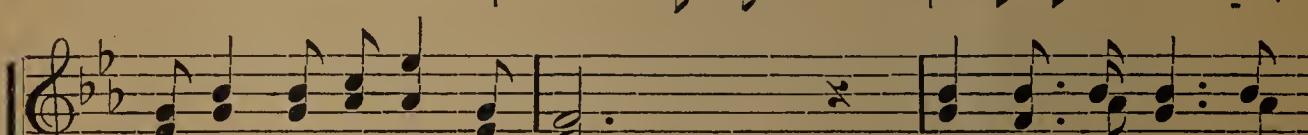
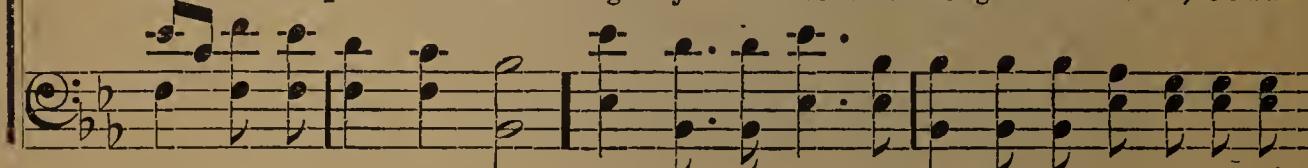


CHORUS.

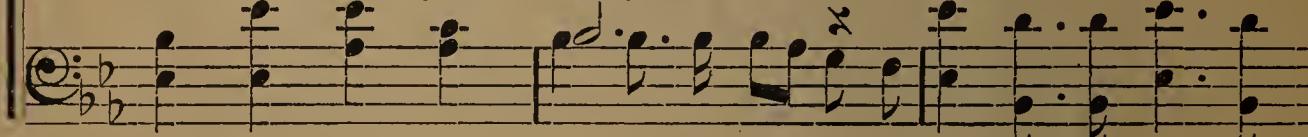


still and is strong to save. Mighty to save and strong to de-liv - er,
 trust shall a Saviour find.
 feel, he has known the same.

will find a per - fect rest. Might - y to save and strong to de - liv - er, Je-sus



Je-sus is mighty to save; Mighty to save and
 is might - y, yes, mighty to save; He is



strong to de - liv - er, Je-sus is mighty to save.
 Je-sus is might - y, yes, mighty to save.



13 O for a Heart Whiter Than Snow.

E. B. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Kept, ev - er kept, 'neath the
 2. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Calm in the peace that He
 3. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! With the pure flame of the
 4. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Then in His grace and His



life - giv-ing flow; Cleansed from all pas - sion, self - seek-ing, and pride,
 loves to be-stow; Dai - ly re-freshed by the heav-en - ly dews,
 Spir - it a - glow; Filled with the love that is true and sin - cere,
 know-ledgeto grow; Grow - ing like Him who my pat-tern shall be,



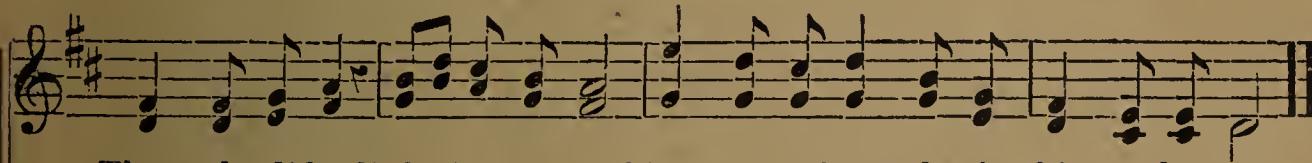
CHORUS.



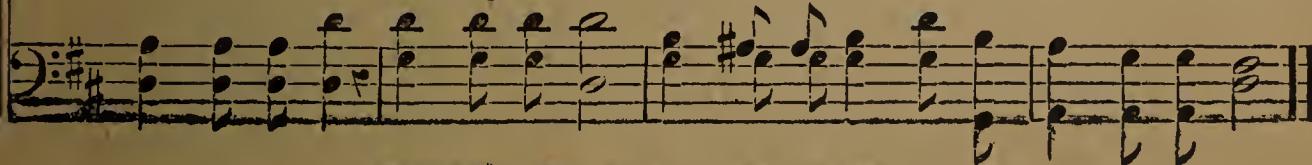
Washed in the foun - tain of Cal - va - ry's tide. Oh, for a heart
 Read - y for ser - vice whene'er He shall choose.
 Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.
 Till in His beau - ty my King I shall see.



whit - er than snow! Sav-iour di-vine, to whom else can I go?



Thou who didst die, loving me so, Give me a heart that is whit - er than snow.





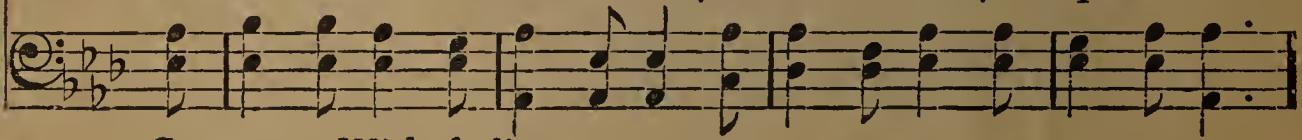
1. In ten - der-ness He sought me, Wea-ry and sick with sin,
 2. He wash'd the bleeding sin-wounds, And pour'd in oil and wine;
 3. He point-ed to the nail-prints; For me His blood was shed;
 4. I'm sit-ting in His pres-ence, The sun-shine of His face,
 5. So while the hours are pass-ing, All now is per-fect rest;



And on His shoulders bro't me Back to His fold a - gain;
 He whispered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art mine;"
 A mock-ing crown so thorn - y Was plac'd up - on His head;
 While with a - dor - ing won - der His bless - ings I re - trace;
 I'm wait - ing for the morn - ing, The bright - est and the best;



While an-gels in His presence sang, Until the courts of heaven rang.
 I nev - er heard a sweet-er voice, It made my aching heart re-joice.
 I won - der what He saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
 It seems as if e - ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.
 When He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spotless bride.



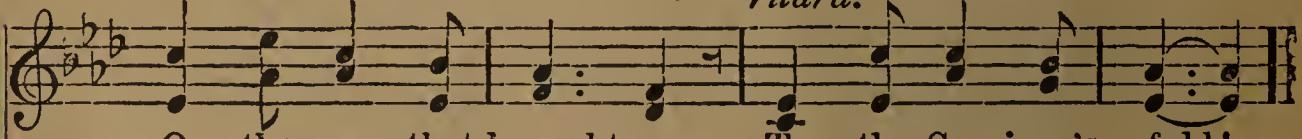
CHORUS. *With feeling.*



O the love that sought me! O the blood that bought me!



ritard.



O the grace that brought me To the Sav - iour's fold!



1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin, There's power in the blood,
 2. Would you be free from your passion and pride, There's power in the blood,
 3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow, There's power in the blood,
 4. Would you do ser - vice for Jesus your King, There's power in the blood,

power in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win,
 power in the blood; Come for a cleansing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
 power in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
 power in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, his prais-es to sing,

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful power in the blood. There is power, power,
 There is power,

Wonder working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is

in the blood

of the Lamb,

There is

power, power, Wonder working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.

There is power,



1. There's no con-dem-na-tion to them in Christ Je-sus, That walk in the
 2. There's no con-dem-na-tion and no sep-a-ra-tion From Je-sus our
 3. There's no con-dem-na-tion, O bless-ed as-sur-ance, To sin-ners now
 4. There's no con-dem-na-tion, ring out the sweet sto-ry To all who are



Spir-it a - lone; Their chains have been broken, Their freedom is
 Lov-er di - vine; No death and no sorrow, No tho't for to-
 sav'd by his grace; The law has no ter-ror, Truth triumphs o'er
 longing for rest, That life in Christ Je-sus From sin and death



CHORUS.



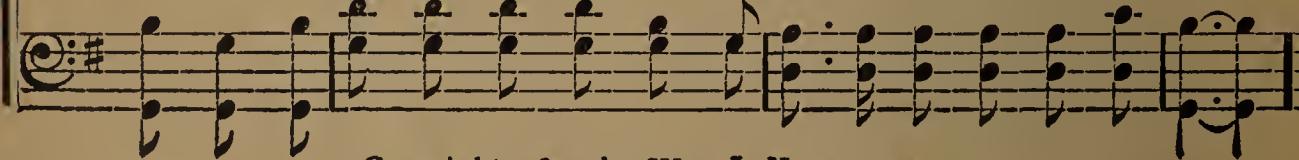
spoken, And now Je-sus calls them his own. I'll praise him, I'll
 morrow, When all that is Je-sus' is mine.
 er - ror, Since Je-sus has stood in our place.
 frees us, And urge them the promise to test.



praise him Who saves me and calls me his own; There's no condem-



na-tion to them in Christ Je-sus That live by the Spir-it a - lone.



1. My stub - born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be
 2. I'm tired of sin, foot - sore and wea - ry, The dark - some
 3. Thy pre - cious will, O conqu'ring Sav - iour, Doth now em -
 4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way - ward

Thine, and Thine a - lone; And this the prayer my lips are
 path hath drear - y grown, But now a light.... has ris'n to
 brace and com - pass me; All dis - cords hushed, my peace a
 feet no more to roam; What pow'r from Thee.... my soul can

Rit.

CHORUS.

bringing, "Lord, let in me Thy will be done." }
 cheer me; I find in Thee my Star, my Sun. }
 riv - er, My soul a prisoned bird set free. }
 sev - er? The cen - ter of God's will my home. } Sweet will of God, still

fold me clos - er, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee; Sweet will of

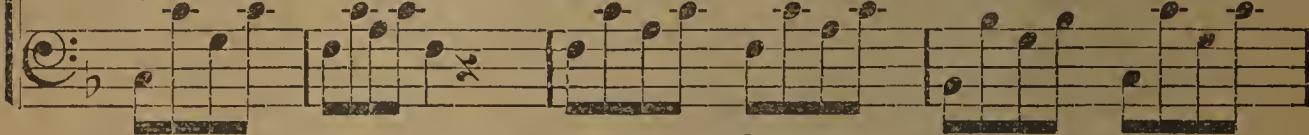
God, still fold me clos - er, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee.



1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on His word, Just to feel I am
 2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the
 3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for



His ev-ery day; Just to walk by His side with His Spir-it to guide, Just to
 Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to His will, just to trust and be still, Just to
 my dearest friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain, True and

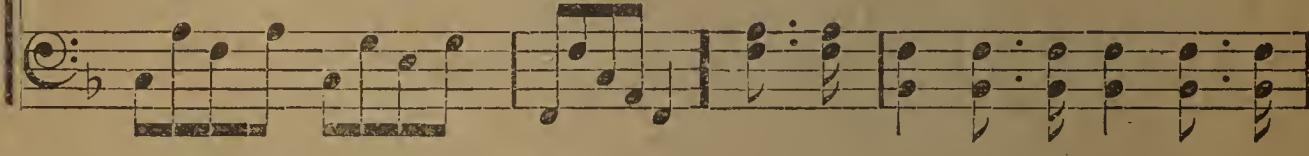


CHORUS.

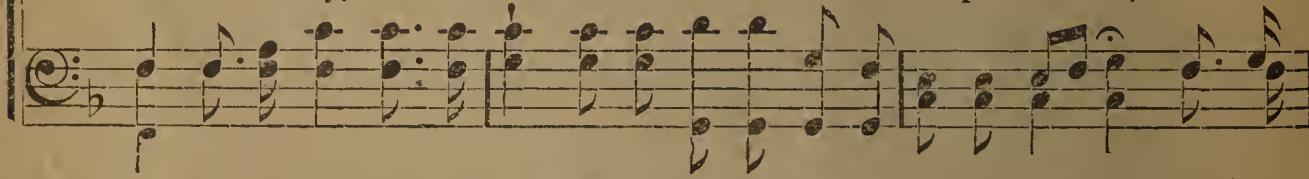


fol-low where He leads the way. Just to say what He wants me to
 lean on His bo-som and rest. faithful He'll be to the end.

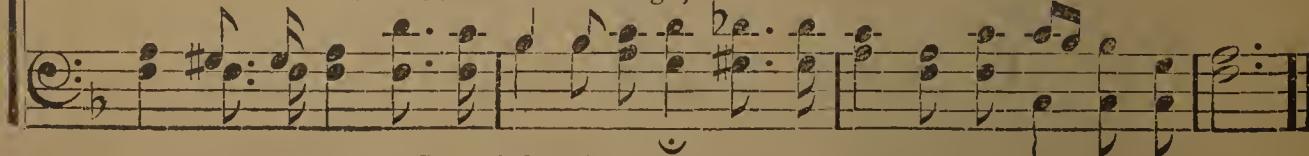
what He



say, And bestill when He whispers to me; Just to
 wants me to say, when He whispers to me,



go where He wants me to go, Just to be what He wants me to be.
 where He wants me to go,





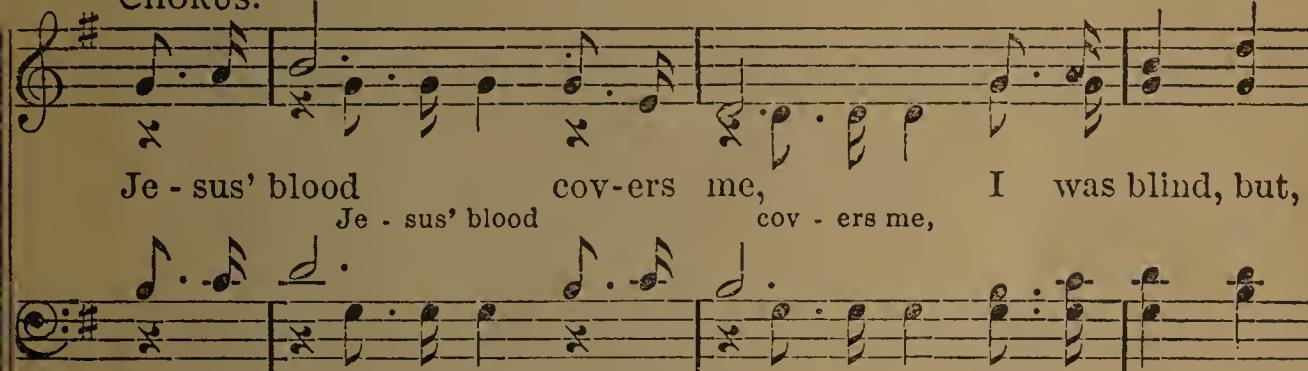
1. In ways of sin I wandered long, My soul by guilt oppressed,
 2. Since Je-sus touch'd my blinded eyes His beauty I be-hold,
 3. Beneath the Saviour's blood I dwell, I know its cleansing power,



Till Je-sus came and in his love Gave wond'rous peace and rest.
 The glo-ries by his love revealed Can nev-er half be told.
 My dear-est Friend is Christ the Lord, I'll trust him ev-ery hour.



CHORUS.

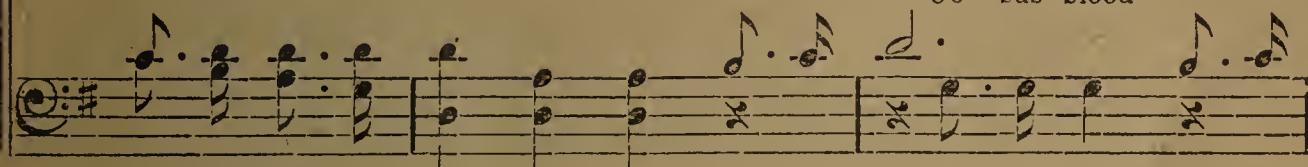


Je - sus' blood cov - ers me, I was blind, but,

Je - sus' blood cov - ers me,

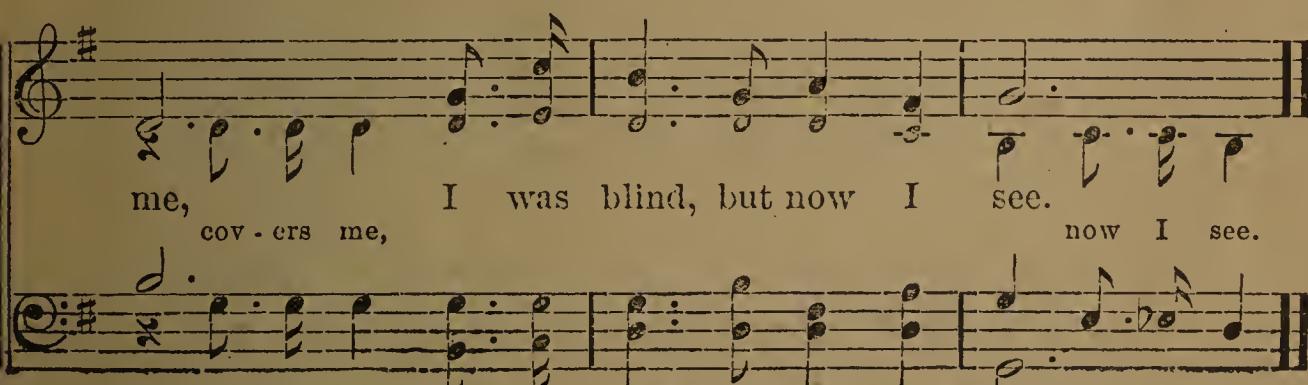
hal - le - lu - jah, now I see, Je - sus' blood cov - ers

Je - sus' blood



me, cov - ers me, I was blind, but now I see.

now I see.



"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—JOHN xiv. 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

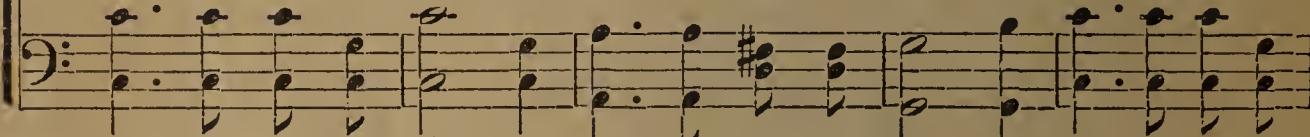
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



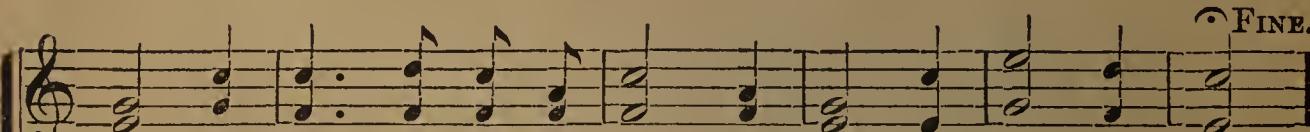
1. Oh, spread the ti - dings round, wher-ev - er man is found, Wher-
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



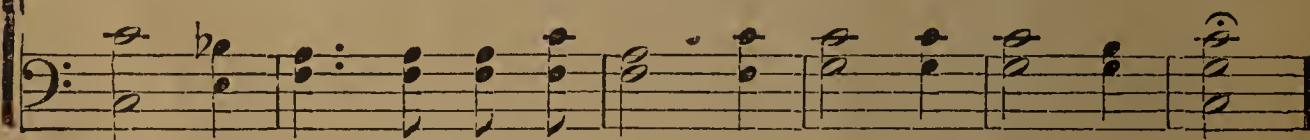
ev - er hu - man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
 ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
 wond'ring mortals tell the match-less gracedi-vine— That I, a child of
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of endless



D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings



tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad - van - ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of tri - umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!



round, Wher-ev - er man is found— The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The



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BIRDIE BELL.

SOLO. Slow, with expression.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Just one touch as he moves along, Pushed and pressed by the jostling throng,
 2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
 3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am sav'd by the blessed Son,
 4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O the love in his eyes I see!
 5. Just one touch! by his mighty pow'r He can heal thee this ver-y hour,

Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 At his feet all my burdens roll, — Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 I am his, for he hears my plea, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Healer di - vine.

CHORUS.

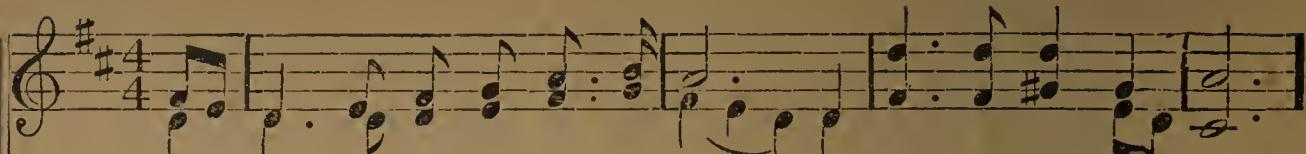
Just one touch as he pass-es by, He will list to the faintest cry,

Come and be sav'd while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Healer di-vine.
 divine.

22 My Heart Is Burning With His Love.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



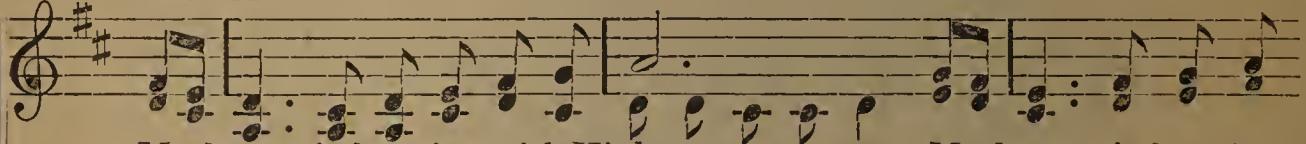
1. 'Twas when to Christ I ful-ly gave My heart, my life, n y all;
2. 'Twas when I felt all else was vain, That Christ was first and best;
3. The gift tho' small the Saviour saw Up-on the al - tar lie;
4. On us descend, O Heavenly Dove, 'Till ev - 'ry soul is thrilled;



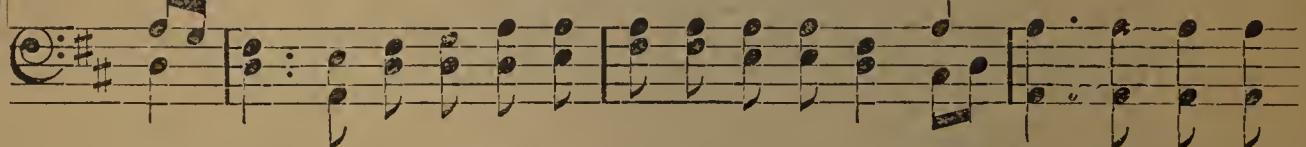
The gift of His re-deem-ing grace On me did sweet-ly fall.
 The "Dove of Peace" from glory came, And comfort filled my breast.
 And sent from heav'n a liv - ing flame The gift to sanc - ti - fy.
 'Till with the full-ness of Thy love Our ev - 'ry heart is filled.



CHORUS.



My heart is burning with His love, My heart is burning
 Yes, 'tis burn-ing with His love,



with His love, The fire comes down from heav'n a-
 Yes, 'tis burning with His love, The fire comes down



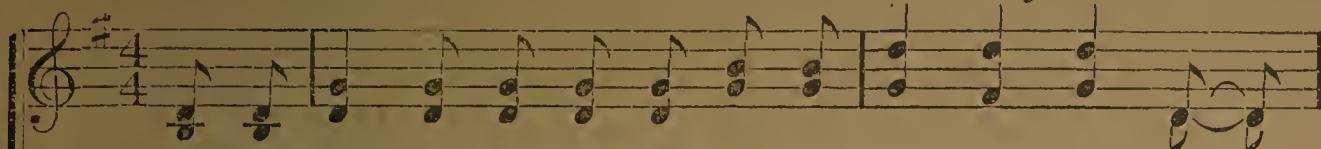
bove; My heart is burning with His love.
 from heav'n a-bove, Yes, 'tis burning with His love.



TUNE.—"I'll Sing My Dear Redeemer's Praise."

D. K. W.

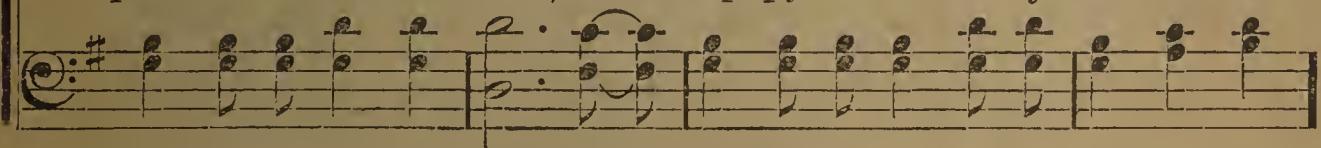
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There's a deep, si - lent riv - er flow-ing just be - fore, And its
 2. O'er its dark, foaming wa-ters from the un - seen shore, An - gel
 3. Ma - ny dear ones now gathered safe be - fore the throne, Dipp'd their
 4. To the deep, si - lent riv - er we must one day come, And



wa-ters are dark and wide ; But faith sees a light, yes, a bea-con light,
 bands in their beauty glide; And they bear us a-way to the realms of day,
 wings in the mystic tide, Passed over the deep, where they do not weep,
 pass o'er its wa-ters wide ; But hap-py we'll be if by faith we see



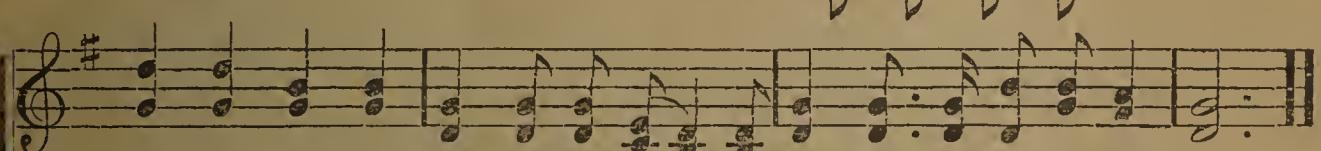
CHORUS.



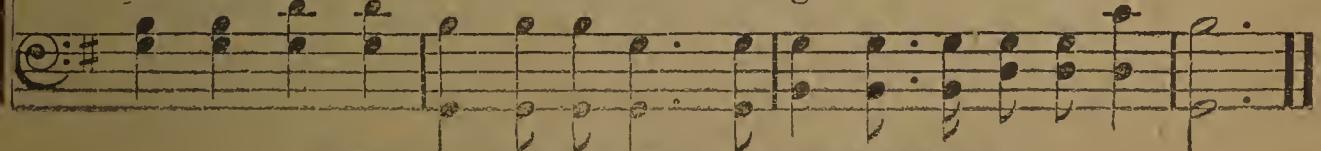
Just down at the riv - er side. There's a light at the riv-er, a
 To the light on the oth - er side.
 In - to life on the oth - er side.
 A light at the riv - er side.



light at the riv - er, A light at the riv - er I can see; My



Lord will stand and hold in his hand A light at the riv-er for me.



REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

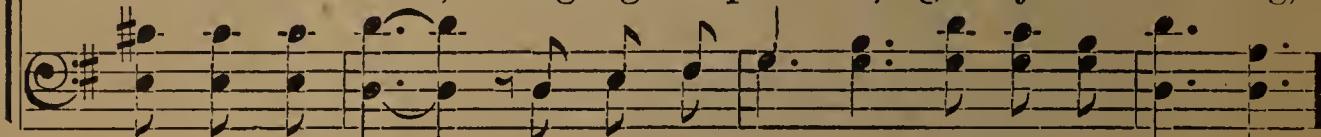
G. H. COOK.



1. Walking in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O - ver the mountains,
 2. Shadows a - round me, shadows a - bove me, Nev - er con - ceal my
 3. In the bright sun - light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Pressing my way to



thro' the deep vale; Je - sus has said "I'll nev - er for - sake thee;"
 Sav - iour and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark - ness,
 man-sions a - bove; Sing-ing His prais - es, glad-ly I'm walk - ing,



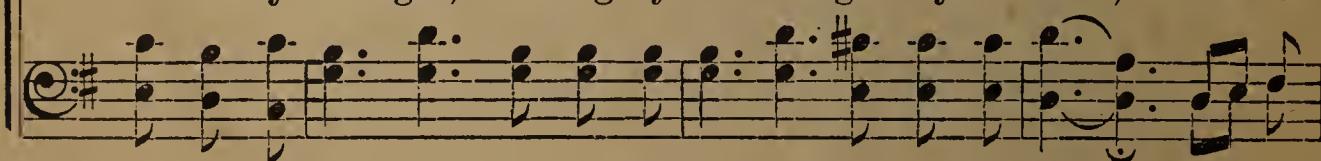
CHORUS.



Prom - ise di - vine that nev - er can fail. }
 Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to His side. } Heav-en - ly sun-light,
 Walking in sun - light, sun-light of love. }

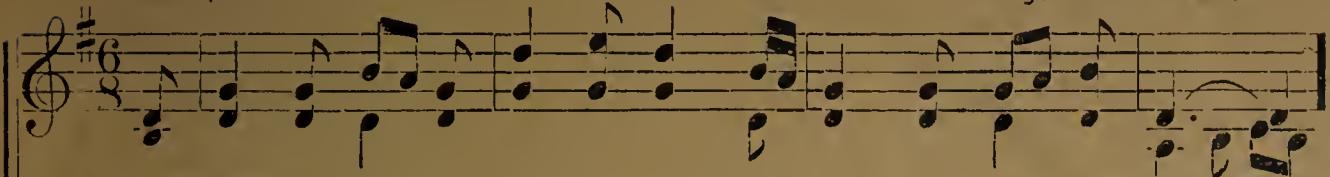


heav-en - ly sun-light, Flooding my soul with glo - ry di - vine; Hal-le-



lu - jah! I am re - joic-ing, Singing His prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

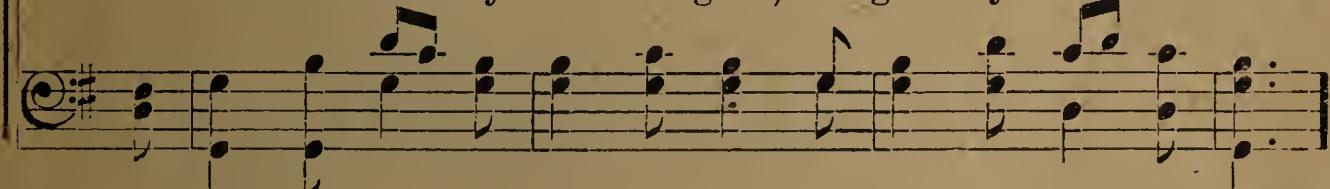


Words and Melody by
GEO. L. BROWN.Arranged by
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

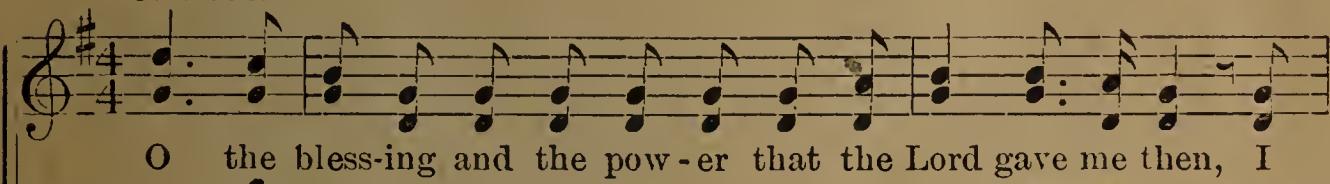
1. I sang, one day, a sad sweet song, 'Twas at the twi-light hour;....
2. So filled was I, I sang no more, My heart o'erflowed with bliss;....
3. Thus, oft my Saviour comes to me, When all is lone and still;....
4. I praise the Lord, the fire still burns With Pen-te-cos-tal flame;...



A flame of love came gen-tly down—I felt its melt-ing pow'r.
With tear-ful eye and throbbing breast I knelt in thank-ful-ness.
Each bless-ing makes me long the more To do His ho-ly will.
The al-tar of my soul's a-glow, All glo-ry to His name.



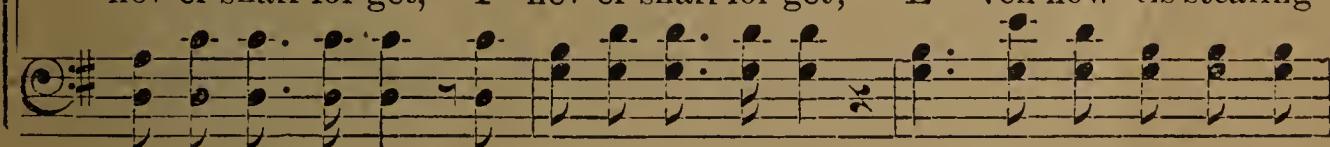
CHORUS.



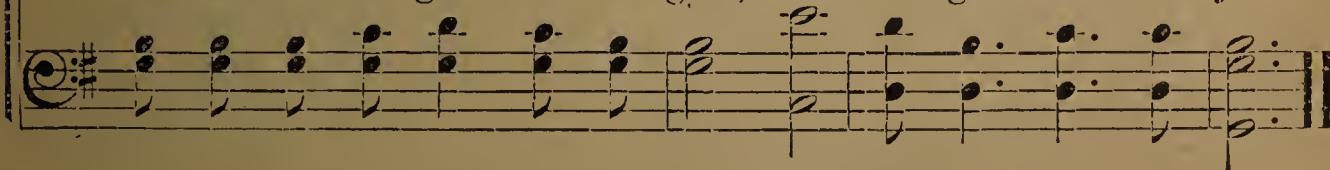
O the bless-ing and the pow-er that the Lord gave me then, I



nev-er shall for-get, I nev-er shall for-get; E - ven now 'tis stealing



o - ver me a - gain and a - gain, It lin - gers with me yet.



Hallelujah for the Blood.

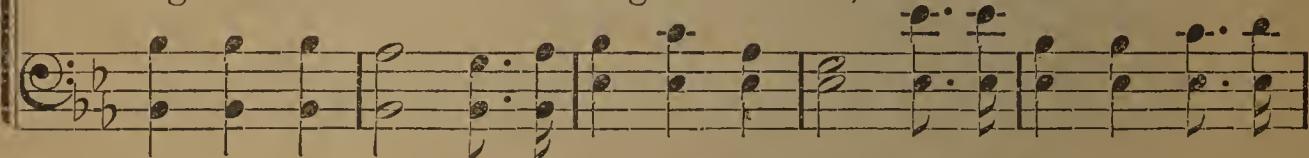
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



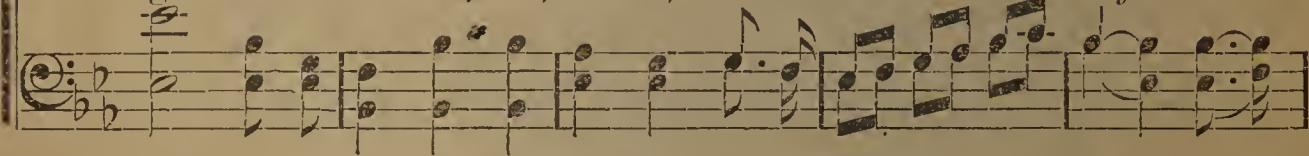
1. Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood, for the sin-cleansing fountain, For the
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood; sing for joy, all ye nations, And re-
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood; hal - le - lu - jah for - ey - er, We shall



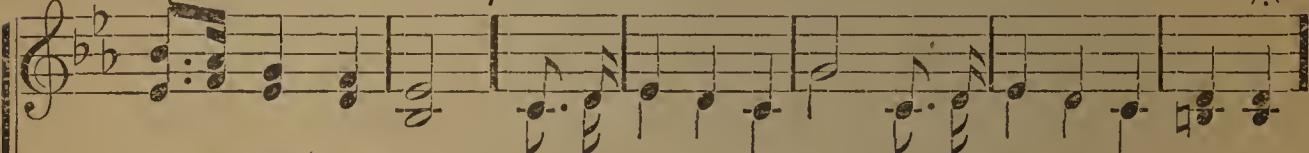
Lamb has been slain, and the ransom price paid; Ful-ly eaneelled was the
 joee that the work of redemption is done; Here is par-don free for
 sing it a - new in the kingdom of God, Where the anthems of de-



debt, when on Cal-va-ry's mountain All the sins of this world up-on
 all, and a per-fect sal-va-tion Thro' the sin-cleansing blood of the
 light shall be si-lent, no, nev-er, Ev-er-more hal - le - lu jah for



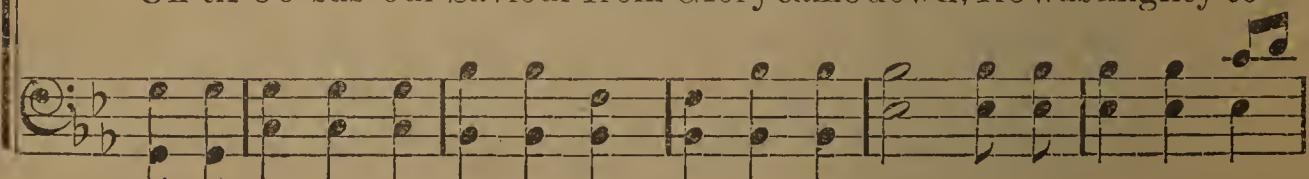
p CHORUS.



Je - sus were laid. There was no arm to save, there was no eye to pit - y,
 Cru - ci - fied One.
 Christ and the blood.



Un-till Je-sus our Saviour from Glory came down; He was mighty to



Hallelujah for the Blood. Concluded.

save, he was strong to de-liv-er, He has bro't us sal-va-tion, a
 robe and a crown. Hal-le - lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, sing the triumphant
 strain; Hal-le - lu - jah, for the blood and the Lamb that was slain.

27

Heaven is Propitious.

1. { Drooping souls, no longer grieve, Heaven is pro - pi - tious;
 If on Christ you do believe, You will find him. . . . } precious.
 D. C.—He has died, that you and I Might look up and view him.
 Je - sus now is pass - ing by, Call - ing wand'rers to him; D. C.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
 Flows a healing fountain;
 See the consolation tide,
 Boundless as the ocean.
 See the living waters move,
 For the sick and dying;
 Now resolve to gain his love,
 Or to perish trying.

3 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
 Now I know, I feel it;
 Half has never yet been told,
 Yet I want to tell it.
 Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
 O the wondrous story!
 I was lost, but now am found,
 Glory! glory! glory!

1. My soul to - day is thirst - ing for liv - ing streams di - vine, To
 2. I see the clouds a - ris - ing, the mer - cy clouds of love, That
 3. The show'rs of grace are fall - ing, the tide is roll - ing in, The
 4. It's com - ing, yes, it's com - ing, it's com - ing down this hour, A

sweep from highest heaven to this poor heart of mine; I stand up - on the
 come to bring re - fresh - ing down from the throne above; The ear - nest of the
 flood - tide of salvation, with pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surging thro' my
 tor - rent of sal - va - tion in sav - ing, cleansing pow'r; I hear the bil - lows

prom - ise, in Je-sus' name I plead; O send the gracious cur - rent to
 show - er, just now to us is giv'n, And now we wait ex - pect - ing the
 be - ing, and takes my sin a - way, It keeps me shouting, glo - ry! thro'
 sing - ing, I see them mount and roll, Oh, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! they're

CHORUS by CLARENCE B. STROUSE.

sat - is - fy my need. }
 floods of grace from heav'n. }
 all the hap - py day. }
 sweeping thro' my soul. } Like a might-y sea, like a might-y sea,

Comes the love of Je-sus sweeping o - ver me; The waves of glo - ry roll, the

Like a Mighty Sea. Concluded.

shouts I can't control, Comes the love of Je - sus sweeping o'er my soul.

29

No, Not One!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and with feeling.

> > > > >

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

> > > > >

:S: FINE.
None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

> > > > >

D.S.-There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

D. S.

Je - sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

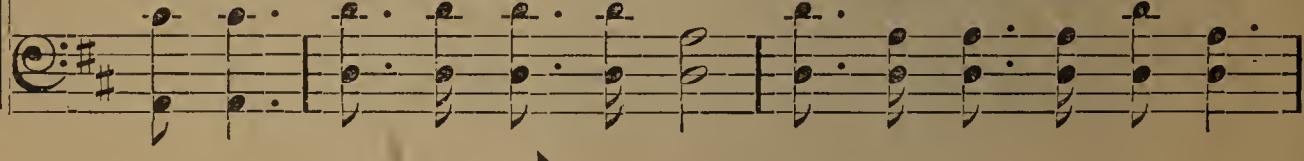
Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of Copyright.



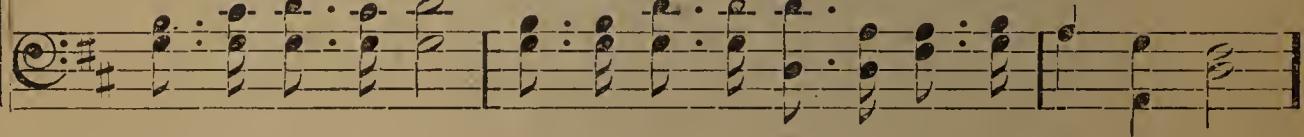
1. Keep the mu-sic ringing, In the trusting heart, Close to Je-sus
 2. Keep the mu-sic ringing, Let the joy-notes flow Like a fountain
 3. Keep the mu-sic ringing, Let it gladness bear, Con-so-la-tion
 4. Keep the mu-sic ringing, In the house of God; Worship him with



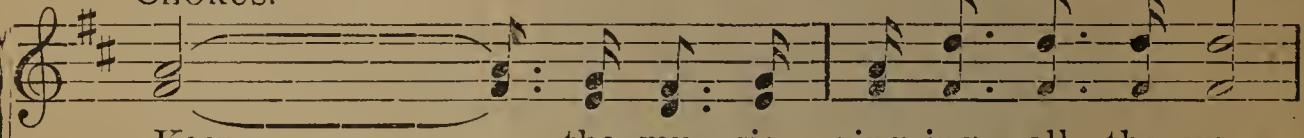
clinging, Praise will ne'er de-part. Chiming with life's sto-ry,
 springing, Lit with heavenly glow. Sing his love constraining,
 bringing In a world of care. Sing of help a-vail-ing
 sing-ing, Tell his love a-broad! In his ho-ly dwelling,



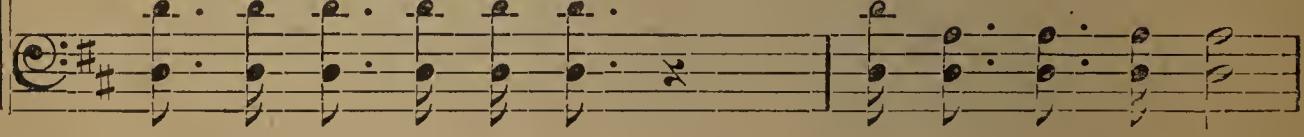
Sil-ver tones of peace, To our Saviour's glory, Let them nev-er cease.
 As you pass a-long Till his knowledge gaining, Others learn your song.
 In the thickest fight, Sing of grace, unfailing In the darkest night.
 In the courts above, O what strains are swelling, Raptured hymns of love.



CHORUS.



Keep the mu-sic ring-ing all the way,
 Keep the mu-sic ring-ing,



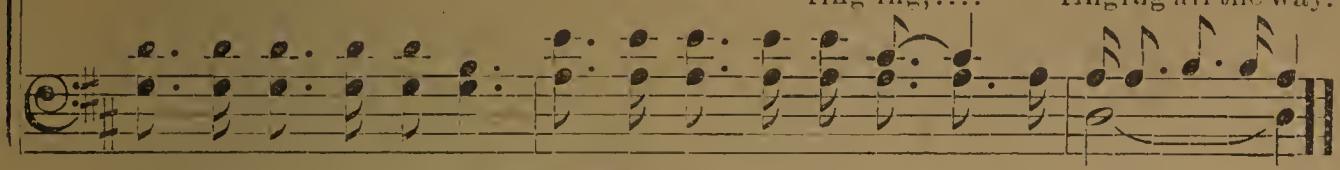
Serve the Lord with gladness ev'-ry day, Keep the music ringing,
 Serve the Lord with gladness,



Keep the Music Ringing. Concluded.



Keep the mu-sic ring-ing, Keep the mu-sic ring-ing all the way.....
ring-ing,..... ring-ing all the way.



31

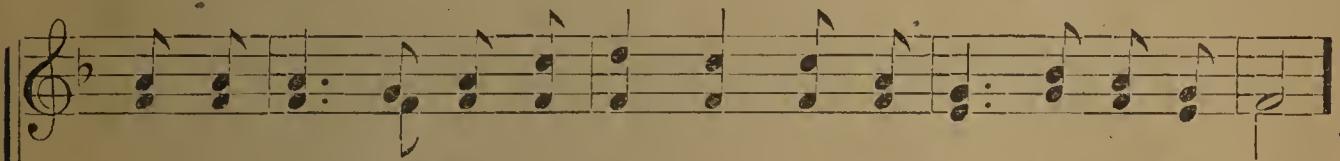
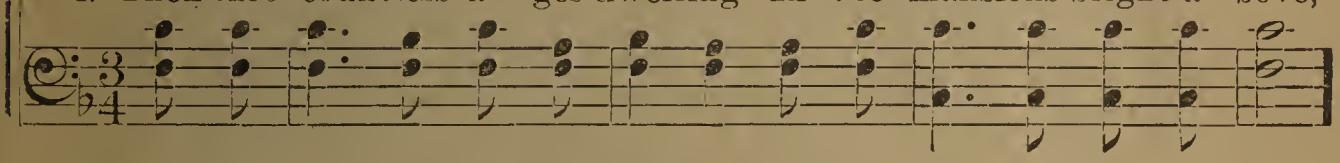
My Redeemer.

FRANK H. MASHAW.

ISAAC Y. TRACY.



1. What on earth is worth pos-sess-ing, Since His love is in my heart?
2. What on earth is worth pos-sess-ing? Je-sus fills my aching breast;
3. What on earth is worth pos-sess-ing? I have now a great-er prize;
4. Then thro' countless a-ges dwelling In the mansions bright a-bove,



Fade, ye dreams of earth-ly glo-ry, From them all I draw a-part.
All to Him I'm glad-ly yield-ing, Je-sus gives me sweetest rest.
Je-sus waits to bid me wel-come To the man-sions in the skies.
This my song thro' life e-ter-nal, My Re-deem-er and His love.



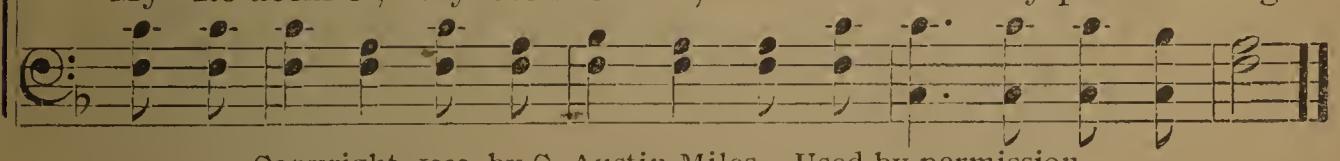
CHORUS.



My Re-deem-er, my Re-deem-er, Un-to Thee my soul shall cling;



My Re-deem-er, my Re-deem-er, I will now Thy prais-es sing.



1. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Church of our God, Pur - chase of
 2. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," chil - dren of light, Walk - ing with
 3. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," praise His dear name! This bless-ed
 4. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," glo - ri - ous thought! Up from the
 5. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Bride of the Lamb, Wait - ing the

Je - sus, re-deemed by His blood; Called from the world and its
 Je - sus in gar-ments of white; Rai - ment un - sul - lied, nor
 se - cret to faith now made plain. Not our own right-eous-ness,
 wil - der - ness wan - der-ings brought, Out from the shad - ows and
 Bridegroom's re - turn - ing a - gain; Lift up your heads for the

i - dols to flee, Called from the bond - age of sin to be free.
 tar-nished with sin, God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in.
 but Christ with-in, Liv - ing, and reign-ing, and sav - ing from sin.
 dark - ness of night, In - to the Ca - naan of per - fect de - light.
 day draw-eth near When in His beau - ty the King shall ap - pear.

CHORUS.

"Holiness unto the Lord," is our watchword and song, "Holiness unto the Lord,"
 as we're marching a - long; Sing it, shout it,
 "Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," Sing

"Holiness Unto the Lord."

Concluded.

loud and long, "Holiness unto the Lord," now and for ev - er.
"Ho - li-ness un - to the Lord,"

33

Why Do You Linger?

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O why do you linger, my brother? O why do you still stay a - way?
2. To save your poor soul He is yearning, O come to Him now while you may;
3. O careless one, great is your danger, Around you are fetters of sin;
4. O wait not for further con-vic-tion, But come to Him just as you are;

For you a dear Saviour is waiting To give you sal-va-tion to - day.
His hand, stained with blood, holds out mercy, O why not receive it to - day?
Es - cape to the on- ly safe ref-uge, And Je-sus will welcome you in.
Look up thro' the gloom and the darkness To Je-sus, the bright Morning Star.

CHORUS.

Why do you linger? Why do you linger? The Saviour is calling to - day;

O come and believe, Free pardon receive, And have all your sins washed away.

34 Hold Fast to the Conquering Hand.

ROM. 8: 37. REV. 6: 2.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. When thro' life's strange windings your pathway shall lie, When compassed by
 2. When tri - als be - set you, be strong to en-dure, March on thro' the
 3. Je - ho - vah the Might - y de - fend-eth His own, Bright an-gels a -
 4. O mag - ni - fy ev - er His won-der - ful name Who vic - tor in



e - vil you stand, Just fol-low His footsteps, He'll lead you aright, Hold
 en - e - my's land; "The sword of the Spirit" wield bravely and well, Hold
 round you shall stand; Go forth with a shout, for the vic - try is sure, Hold
 heav-en doth stand; Ye servants of Christ, sound His praises abroad, Hold



CHORUS.



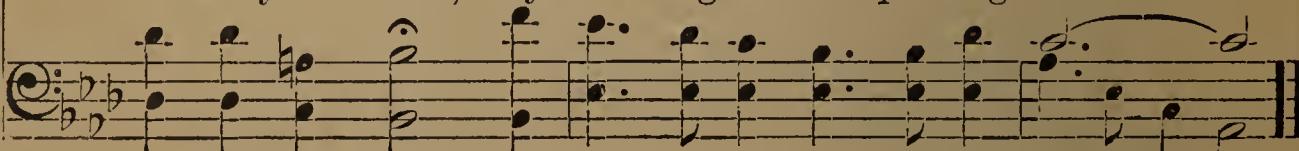
fast to the con - quer-ing hand! Hold fast to the con - quer-ing
 Hold fast..... to the



hand, hold fast to the conqu'ring hand; Ye soldiers of Je - sus, as
 conqu'ring hand,



vic-tors you'll stand, By hold - ing the con - quer-ing hand.....



conquering hand.

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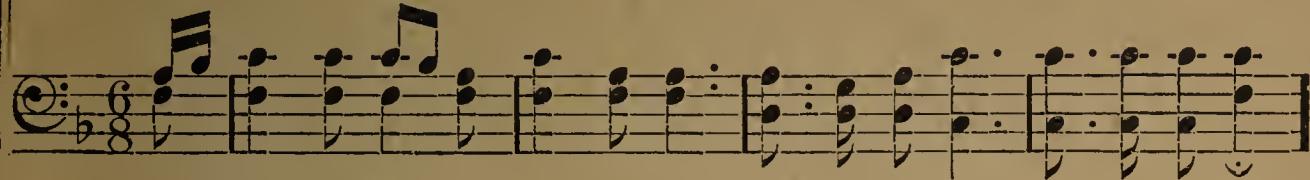
E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

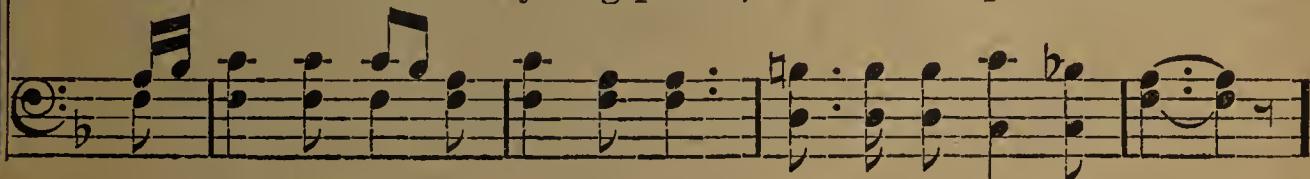
Moderato.



1. Lord, keep my soul from day to day, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
2. The sinner's ref-uge here a-lone, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
3. Lord, with thyself my spir-it fill, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
4. Sweet peace abides with-in the heart, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
5. The Ho-ly Spir-it, hour by hour, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;



Taketh doubt and fear and sin a-way, Un - der the precious blood.
 Here Je-sus makes sal-va-tion known, Un - der the precious blood.
 And work in me to do thy will, Un - der the precious blood.
 And gifts di-vine their joy im-part, Un - der the precious blood.
 Ex - erts his sanc - ti - fy - ing power, Un - der the precious blood.



CHORUS.



Under the blood, the precious blood, Un-der the cleansing, healing flood;



Keep me, Saviour, from day to day, Un-der the precious blood.



MRS. C. H. M.

I JOHN 1-5.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Why walk in the dark-ness and shadows of night, When sun-light so
 2. Why bear-ing thy bur-den of sor-row so long, A - lone and un-
 3. The clouds shall all scat-ter when "God is thy light," No more earthly

full and so free Is streaming a-round with its ra - di-ance bright
 aid - ed, when He Whose heart is so kind and whose arm is so strong,
 shadows shall fall; And vi - sions of rap-ture shall burst on thy sight,

CHORUS.

To light-en the path-way for thee?
 Thy great Burden-bear - er would be? } Then live in the sun - light,
 "In Him is no dark-ness at all."

beau - ti - ful, heav - en - ly sun - light, Trust - - ing in
 Trust-ing in Je - sus,

Je - - - sus and look - - ing a - bove;.....
 trust-ing in Je - sus, Trust-ing in Je - sus, and look - ing a - bove;

Trust-ing and look - ing a - bove;.....

“Live in the Sunlight.” Concluded.

Then live in the sun - light, beau - ti - ful, heav-en - ly sun - light,
Live..... in the sun - light, the sun - - light of love.....
Live in the sunlight, live in the sunlight, Live in the sunlight, sunlight of love.

37

I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love away; O for strength of
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-day I'll
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can never heal my woe; I will rise at
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Je-sus' blood will
5. I o-bey the Saviour's call, Now to Him I yield my all, At His feet, where

CHORUS.

faith to say, Je - sus died for me. }
try a - gain, Je - sus, help Thou me. }
once and go, Je - sus died for me. } Can it be, O can it be
make me whole, Je - sus died for me. }
oth- ers fall, There's a place for me.

Rit.

There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Jesus died for me.

38 When the Bridegroom Comes.

E. R. LATTA. Alt.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will our lamps be filled and ready, When the Bridegroom comes? And our
 2. Shall we hear a welcome sounding, When the Bridegroom comes? And a
 3. Don't de - lay our prep-a - ra-tion Till the Bridegroom comes; Lest there
 4. It may be a time of sorrow, When the Bridegroom comes; If our
 5. O there'll be a glorious meeting, When the Bridegroom comes! And a

lights be clear and steady, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn
 shout of joy resounding, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn
 be a sep-a-ra-tion, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that solemn
 oil we hope to borrow, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that solemn
 hallelujah greeting, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that joy-ful

night(that solemn night), Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
 night(that solemn night), Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
 night(that solemn night), Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
 night(that solemn night), Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
 night(that joyful night), With our lamps all burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

{ O be ready! O be ready! O be ready when the Bridegroom comes!
 { O be ready! O be ready! O be ready when the (Omit...) Bridegroom comes!

39 I've Been Washed in the Blood.

Answer to "Are You Washed in the Blood?"

W. T. DALE.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. I have been to Je-sus who has cleansed my soul, I've been washed in the
2. I am dai-ly trust-ing Je-sus at my side, I've been washed in the
3. I am work-ing in the vine-yard of the Lord, I've been washed in the
4. I am list'ning now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I've been washed in the
5. I am watching for the com-ing of my Lord, I've been washed in the

blood of the Lamb, By the blood of Je-sus I have been made whole, I've been
 blood of the Lamb, I am sweet-ly resting in the Cru-ci-fied, I've been
 blood of the Lamb, I am trust-ing in the promise of His word, I've been
 blood of the Lamb, How His coming will each faithful heart re-joice, I've been
 blood of the Lamb, He will come according to His faithful word, I've been

D. S.-And my robe is spotless, it is white as snow, I've been

FINE. CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed, I've been
 in the blood,

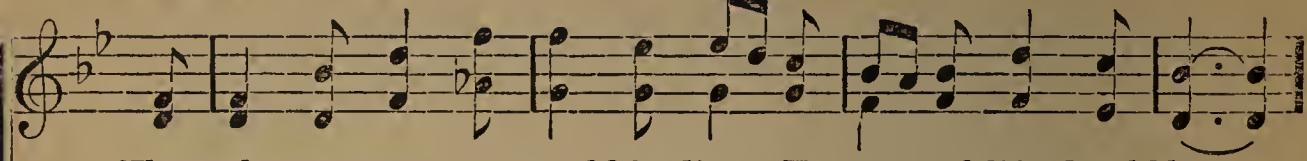
washed in the blood of the Lamb.

D. S.

washed, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb,
 in the blood,



1. For God so loved this sin-ful world, His Son he freely gave,
2. I was a wayward, wandr'ing child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who-so-ev-er" of the Lord, I trust-ed was for me;
4. E - ter-nal life be - gun be-low Now fills my heart and soul;



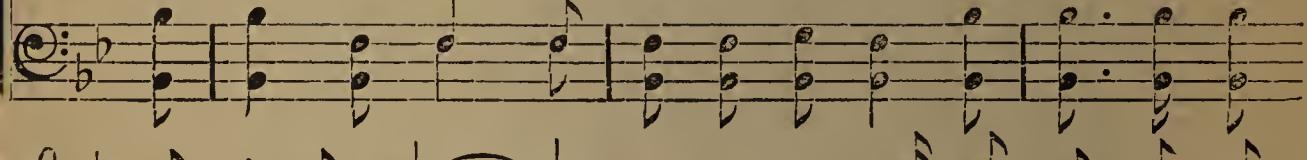
That who - so - ev - er would be-lieve, E - ter - nal life should have.
 Un - til this bless-ed prom-ise fell Like mu-sic on my ear.
 I took him at his gracious word, From sin he set me free.
 I'll sing his praise for - ev - er-more, Who has redeemed my soul.



CHORUS.



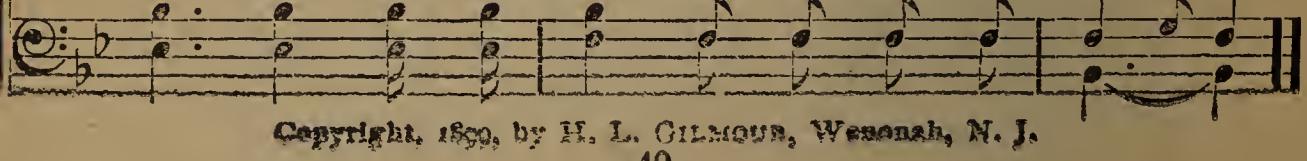
'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true, God's won - der - ful
 'Tis true, O yes, the prom - ise is true,



prom-ise is true, . . . For I've trust - ed, and test - ed, and
 'tis true,



tried it, And I know God's prom-ise is true.
 'tis true.



1. "Peace like a riv - er!" O Lord, can it be Won-der-ful blessings are
 2. "Peace like a riv - er!" thy word must be true, What thou hast promised, thou
 3. "Peace like a riv - er" that nev - er runs dry! Why drink at pools when the
 4. "Peace like a riv - er!" its waves like the sea! O grant this wonderful

wait - ing for me? Oft I re - joice when some clear sparkling rill
 sure - ly wilt do, If I but list to thy lov - ing command,
 foun - tain is nigh? Riv - er of crys - tal from un - der the throne,
 bless - ing to me; Broad - en the way, that the wa - ter may flow,

Comes from the fountain my spir - it to fill; Now will it seem in its
 If I but fol - low thy dear beck'ning hand; "Peace like a riv - er" my
 Wa - ter the sweetest that ev - er was known; Free for the poor-est, the
 Deep - en the channel thro' which it must go; Ban - ish what - ev - er may

ful - ness to me Com - ing at flood-tide, like waves of the sea.
 spir - it shall feel; Joy with-out meas - ure thy love shall re - veal.
 Sav - iour has said, Come to the foun - tain, the price has been paid.
 stand in the way, "Peace like a riv - er" is flow - ing to - day.

REFRAIN.

Peace, peace, like a river's flow, Peace, peace, my spirit shall know.
 Peace like a riv - er, Peace, perfect peace,

"Jesus always comes along the promise-way."—MOODY.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



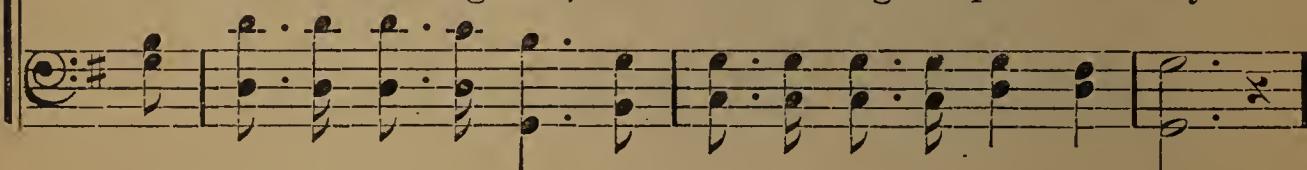
1. I'll tar - ry at a prom-ise, till Je - sus meets me there,
 2. From sin I sought sal - va-tion, and called up - on his name,
 3. With ev - ery word he gives me, I hast - en to his feet,
 4. When earthly blossoms per - ish, and win - try storms ap-pear,



He comes a-long the prom-ise-way; His words, so free and gracious,
 He comes a-long the prom-ise-way; O come, ye heav - y - lad - en,
 He comes a-long the prom-ise-way; He fills me with his Spir-it,
 He comes a-long the prom-ise-way; He soothes my heart in trouble,

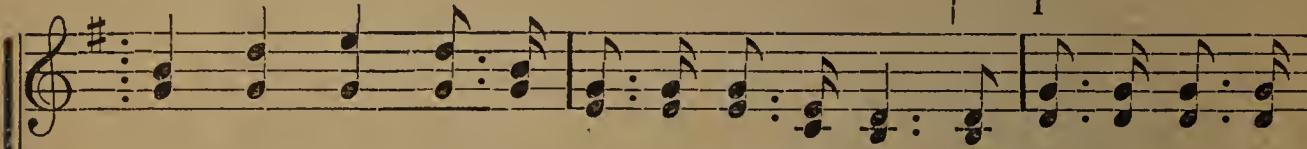


I'll take to him in prayer, He comes a-long the prom-ise - way.
 his grace is still the same, He comes a-long the prom-ise - way.
 he makes my joy complete, He comes a-long the prom-ise - way.
 he dries the fall-ing tear, He comes a-long the prom-ise - way.



CHORUS.

I



{ Glo - ry! glo - ry! my Saviour comes to me, His bright and blessed
 { Glo - ry! glo - ry! he meets my soul to-day, Omit.



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The Promise-Way. Concluded.

2

light I see; He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.

43

A Wave of Salvation.

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O Lord, send a wave of sal - va - tion O - ver our souls, over our souls;
2. Send now, like a wave of the o - cean, E - ven this hour, even this hour;
3. O quicken us, Lord, by thy Spir - it, Heal us within, heal us within;

We'll praise thee and give ad - o - ra - tion While e - ver on - ward it rolls.
Sub - du - ing all strife and cominotion, Gracious and mighty in power.
By grace we are sav'd by thy mer - it, Cleanse us and keep us from sin.

CHORUS.

Send, Lord, a wave of sal - va - tion, Hear us we pray, make no delay,

Send, Lord, a wave of sal - va - tion O - ver our souls to - day.

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1. They tell of a cit - y far up in the sky, I want to go
 2. Its gates are all pearl, its streets are all gold, I want to go
 3. When the old ship of Zi - on shall make her last trip, I want to be
 4. When Je - sus is crowned the King of all kings, I want to be

there, I do; 'Tis built in the land of "the sweet by and by,"
 there, I do; The Lamb is the light of that cit - y, we're told,
 there, I do; With heads all un - cov - ered to greet the old ship,
 there, I do; With shout-ing and clap - ping till all heav-en rings,

I want to go there, don't you? There Je - sus has gone to pre-
 I want to go there, don't you? Death robs us all here, there
 I want to be there, don't you? When all the ship's com - pa - ny
 I want to be there, don't you? Halle - lu - jah! we'll shout a -

pare us all homes, I want to go there, I do; Where sick - ness nor
 none ev - er die, I want to go there, I do; There loved ones will
 meet on the strand, I want to be there, I do; With songs on their
 gain and a - gain, I want to be there, I do; And close with the

sor - row nor death ev - er comes, I want to go there, don't you?
 nev - er a - gain say good-bye, I want to go there, don't you?
 lips and with harps in their hands, I want to be there, don't you?
 cho - rus, A - men and A - men, I want to be there, don't you?

I Want to Go There. Concluded.

CHORUS.

45 Waiting for the Promise.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. We, Thy children, Lord, are waiting, O Thy promise now ful - fill;
 2. He is com-ing, He is com-ing, This a - bid-ing, heav'nly Guest;
 3. He is com-ing, He is com-ing, Blessed, promised Ho - ly Ghost;
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah, now He fills me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!
 5. Praise Him, praise Him, He's my Saviour, Full sal - va - tion fills my soul!

FINE.

Ev - 'ry pow'r is con - se - cra - ted, All sur-ren-dered to Thy will.
 To the heart en - tire - ly yield-ed, He will give the promised rest.
 And my soul is filled with rapture, Saved un-to the ut - ter - most.
 For the cleansing, mak-ing ho - ly, With the Pen - te - cos - tal flame.
 Like a sea of love so boundless, Waves of glo - ry o'er me roll.

D.S.-Cleanse each temple, making ho - ly While we now be - fore Thee bend.

CHORUS.

D. S.

We are waiting for the promise, Let re - fin - ing fire de - scend,

46 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

MRS. C. H. M.

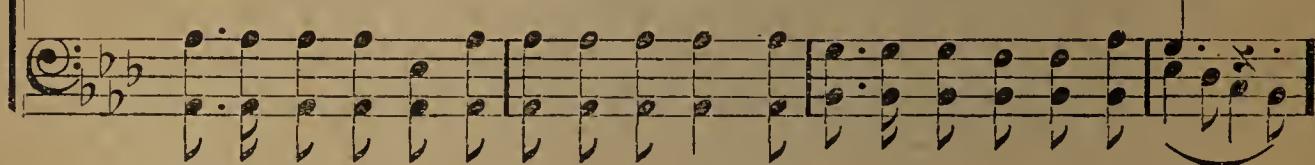
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come into your heart;
2. If 'tis for pu-ri-ty now that you sigh, Let Jesus come into your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Jesus come into your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Jesus come into your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Jesus come into your heart;



If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
Find what a Friend he will be un-to you, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.



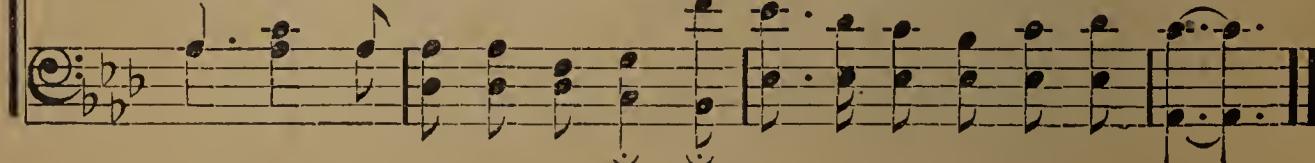
CHORUS.



Just now, your doubtings give o'er, Just now, re-ject him no more;
Just now, my doubtings are o'er, Just now, re-ject-ing no more;



Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in - to your heart.
Just now, I o-pen the door And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.



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KATE ULMER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour In Je - sus my Lord I have found,
2. When a poor sin-ner he found me, No goodness to of - fer had I;
3. Nothing of mer-it pos-sess-ing, All helpless before him I lay;
4. In him my gracious Re-deem-er, My Prophet, my Priest and my King;
5. How can I keep from re-joic-ing? I'll sing of the joy in my soul;



Tho' I had sins without number, His grace unto me did a - bound.
 Of - ten his law I had brok-en, And mer-it-ed naught but to die.
 But in the precious blood flowing He wash'd all my sin-stains away.
 Mer-cy I find and forgiveness, My all to his keeping I bring.
 Praising the love of my Sav-iour, While years of E-ter-ni - ty roll.



CHORUS.



His grace a-bound-eth more, His grace a-bound-eth more,
 and more,



Tho' sin a - bound-ed in my heart, His grace a-bound-eth more.



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1. From wand'ring in the wil-der-ness, Go forth at God's com-mand
2. The Shepherd kind would lead his flock Where richest pastures grow;
3. To all the rich-es Ca-naan yields Our loving Lord in - vites;
4. Cross Jordan's stream of un-belief, Your doubts and fears give o'er;



And thy in - her - it - ance possess, The goodly Ca-naan land.
 And where from out the riv - en rock The liv-ing wa - ters flow.
 To dwell a - mid its fer - tile fields And scale its mountain heights.
 From all your wand'rings find re - lief, And Canaan's land ex - plore.



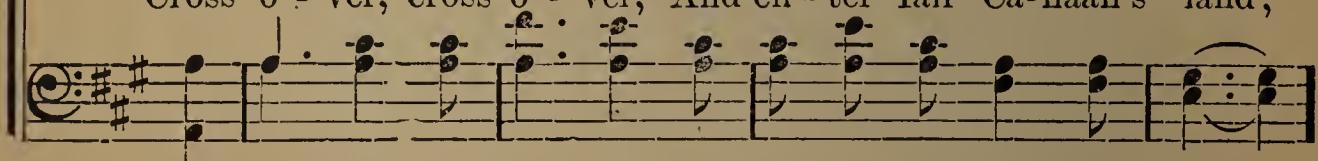
CHORUS.



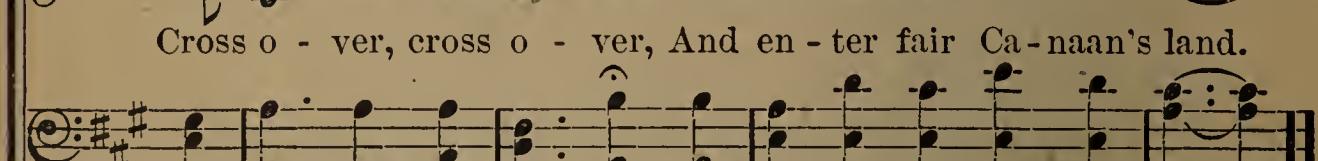
Cross o - ver the Jordan's tide, The waters will there di-vide;
swelling tide, for thee di-vide;



Cross o - ver, cross o - ver, And en - ter fair Ca-naan's land;



Cross o - ver, cross o - ver, And en - ter fair Ca-naan's land.





1. My soul has found a healing stream, And sings in hap - py strains,
2. I toiled a - long a rug - ged road, By bur - dens sore - ly pressed,
3. That blessed voice has mighty power To sat - is - fy and cheer;
4. Then let me that dear name confess, His faithful ser - vant be;
5. For, those who bear the cross for him, From him a crown shall gain,



"There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

"I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to me and rest."

"How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev-er's ear."

"Shall Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?"

"There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints immortal reign."



CHORUS.



Hap - - - py strains that glad - ly tell, The
Hap - py, hap - py strains that glad - ly tell, that glad - ly tell,



great sal - va - tion: all is well, Come, mag - ni -
great, the great sal - va - tion: all is well, all is well, Come, mag - ni - fy the



fy the Lord with me, To him all glo - ry ev - er be.
Lord, come, mag - ni - fy the Lord with me,



"Lord bless me, and make me a blessing."—REV. D. B. UPDEGRAFF.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. A-round me, Lord, are sin-ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of thine are in distress, And for thy ful-ness pray;
5. If thou hast an - y errand, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;



Inspire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a blessing to-day.

Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a blessing to-day.

Help me to lead them back to thee, And make me a blessing to-day.

O ^ let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a blessing to-day.

Use me in an - y way thou wilt, And make me a blessing to-day.



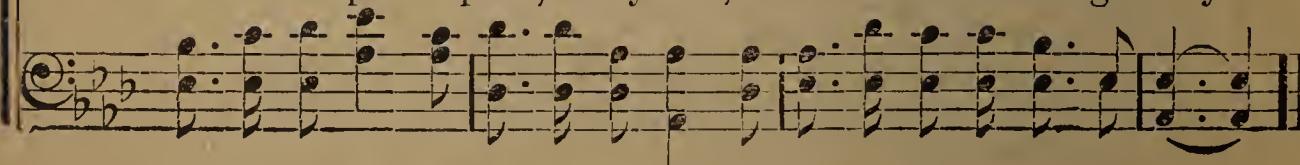
CHORUS.



Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll gladly thy message convey;

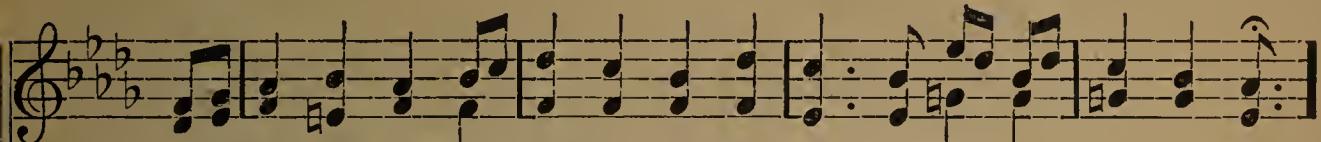


Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to-day.

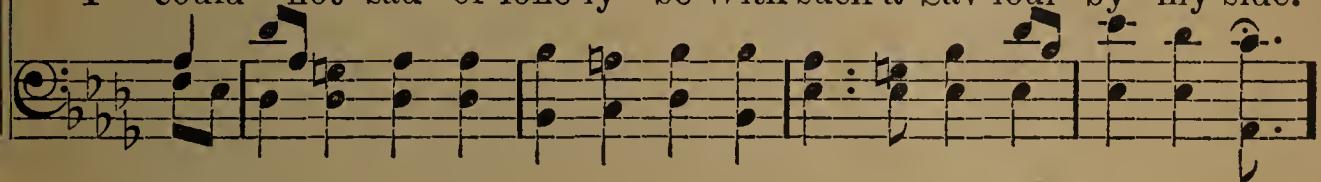




1. I'm walk - ing now with Christ the Lord, In fellowship of love divine;
2. Sometimes he leads to lofty heights, Where golden sunbeams gild my way;
3. Sometimes my Fa-ther deems it best That I should thro' the val-ley go;
4. And thus 'tis al-ways well with me, Since Jesus doth with me a-bide;



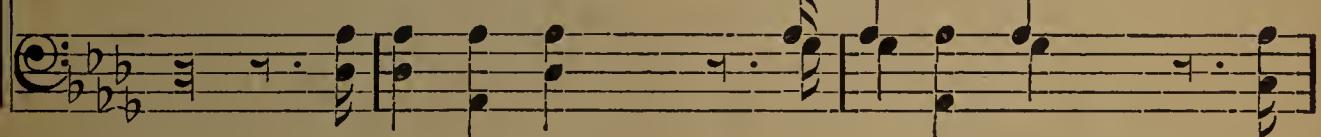
In har - mo-ny and sweet accord, I now am his, and he is mine.
The "Sun of Righteousness" my light, And night seems lost in cloudless day.
His pres-ence makes the way so blest, I could not fear or sorrow know.
I could not sad or lone-ly be With such a Sav-iour by my side.



CHORUS.



On mountain height, . . . where all is bright, . . . Or in the
On mountain height, where all is bright, Or



vale, . . . with shadows dim, . . . It mat-ters not . . . what be my
in the vale, with shadows dim, It mat-ters not what



lot, . . . If on - ly I . . . may be with him. . . .
be my lot, If on - ly I may be with him.



52 The Sword of the Lord and Gideon.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

JUDGES 7: 19, 20.

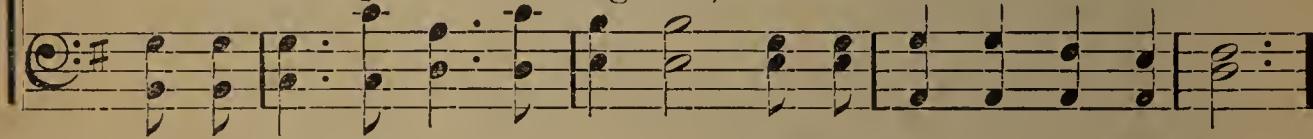
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Gideon, with three hundred soldiers, Once a might-y host withstood,
 2. God was mighty to de - liv - er, And they fought without a sword,
 3. Go ye forth to bloodless bat - tle In the ar - my of the Lord;



Camp-ing in the Mo - reh Val - ley— An un-count-ed mul - ti - tude.
 Wield-ing naught but torch and trumpet And Je - ho - vah's mighty Word.
 Seek the triumph of his kingdom; Sound his name with one accord.



But the Lord was helping Gideon, And his brave and trusting band,
 Gideon's men were but a handful, Yet on God they could re - ly,
 Break thy darken'd earthly ves-sels; Flash the light of sa-cred Word;



Arm'd with trumpets, lamps and pitchers, Went, o-bey-ing God's command :
 And the ar - my, pan-ic-strick-en, Fled be-fore their bat-tle cry.
 Flash the light of ho - ly liv-ing; Let the voice of God be heard.



CHORUS.



Blow thy trumpet, break thy pitcher, Hold thy lamp within thy hand along the



The Sword of the Lord and Gideon.

Concluded.

line ; Cry, "The sword of the Lord and Gideon ! " "The sword of the Lord and
 Gideon," "The sword of the Lord and Gideon," And the vict'ry shall be thine.

53

Saviour, Pilot Me. 7s, 6l.

REV. EDW. HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
 D. C.—Chart and compass came from thee : Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.

Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;

2 When the apostles' fragile bark
 Struggled with the billows dark,
 On the stormy Galilee,
 Thou didst walk upon the sea ;
 And when they beheld thy form,
 Safe they glided through the storm.

When thou sayest to them, "Be still."
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot me.

3 As a mother stills her child
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild ;
 Boisterous waves obey thy will

4 When at last I near the shore,
 And the fearful breakers roar
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
 Then, while leaning on thy breast,
 May I hear thee say to me,
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Saved Every Day.

Arr. for this Work.



1. On Sun-day I am hap-py, on Mon-day full of joy,
 2. O once I was a sin-ner,—a sin-ner far from God,
 3. Now since I am so hap-py, and saved right thro' and thro',
 4. If you would be made hap-py, I'll tell you what to do:
 5. Now come a-long, poor sin-ner, you have no time to wait,



CHO.—O glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, O glo-ry to the Lamb!



On Tues-day I have peace within that noth-ing can de-stroy,
 But now I am sup-port-ed by his rod and staff and word;
 I'll stand for Je-sus ev-er-where, what-ev-er men may do;
 Just give to Je-sus all your heart, he'll save you thro' and thro';
 Come seek and find sal-va-tion, be-fore it is too late;



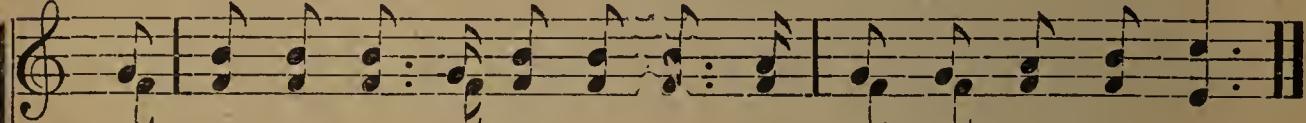
O hal-le-lu-jah, I am saved, and I'm so glad I am!



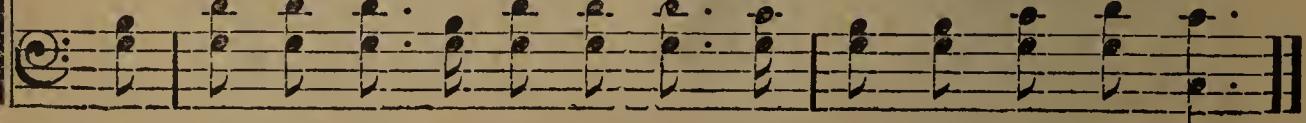
On Wednesday and on Thurs-day I'm walk-ing in the light,
 Up-on the Rock I'm stand-ing, no more I sink in mire,
 He feeds me ev-ery morn-ing, he rests me ev-ery night,
 He'll send you forth re-joic-ing, made hap-py all the day,
 The world is full of pit-falls, the dev-il's wide a-wake,



O glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, O glo-ry to the Lamb!



O Fri-day is a heav'n be-low, and Sat'ryday's al-ways bright.
 I'm go-ing now to trust in him un-til he says, "Come high'r."
 And walking in this ho-ly way, I find a real de-light.
 So make a start, be clean in heart, and walk the ho-ly way.
 So heed the Saviour's lov-ing call, and all your sins for-sake.



O hal-le-lu-jah, I am saved, and bound for the happy land.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

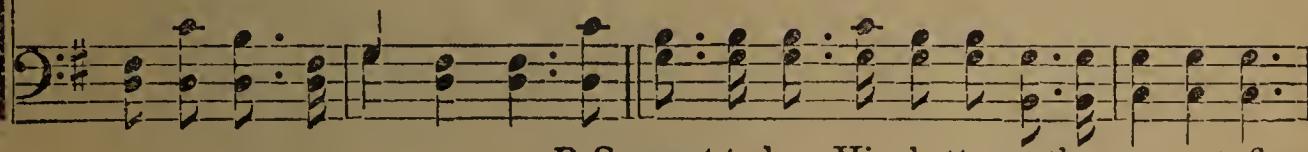
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I see my Saviour hanging on the bloody tree, By faith I see Him
2. The light He bro't from heaven, made the darkness flee, No more do types and
3. It veiled the face of na-ture to be-hold Him die, It made the mountains
4. But now he lives in glo - ry, in that home on high, Where angels chant the



dy - ing there in a - go - ny ; But in His death on Calv'ry is my hope and plea, shadows point to Calvary ; He broke the chains that bound me, when He look'd at me, tremble, when they heard Him cry ; He saved my soul from dying as He hung on high, sto - ry, how He came to die ; But 'till I join that chorus with them in the sky,

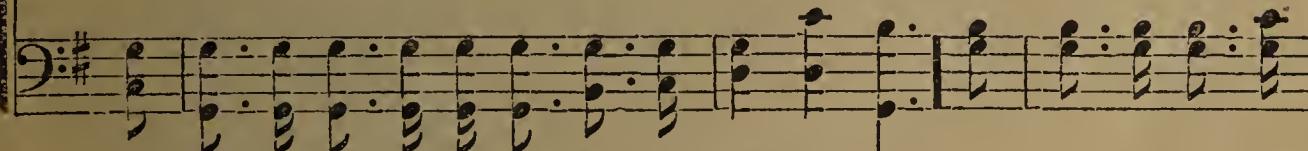


D.S. want to love Him better as the moments fly,

FINE. CHORUS.



I want to love Him better, for He died for me. I want to love Him
 I want to love Him better, for He set me free.
 I want to love Him better as the mo-ments fly.
 I want to love Him better as the days go by.



I want to love Him better as the days go by.

D.S.



better for He died for me, I want to love Him better for He set me free ; I



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will may come; In riv - ers of sal-va-tion the liv-ing wa-ters roll,
 will may come; I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis meant for me,
 will may come; Seek now the precious Saviour, and he'll be your to-day,
 will may come; And those who come believing, he'll to the ut-most save,

CHORUS.

ev - - - er"! Who - so - ev - er will may come; The Saviour's in - vi -
 who - so - ev - er will,

ta - tion is free - ly sounding still, Who - so - ev - er will may come.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O it is won-der-ful! when I was drear-i-ly Wan-der-ing
2. O it is won-der-ful! safe-ly en-fold-ing me With the strong
3. O it is won-der-ful! keep-ing and hid-ing me From e-vil
4. O it is won-der-ful! still he is lead-ing me In the green

far in the gloom of the night, Christ, the Good Shep-herd, came, arms of his in-fin-ite grace; "Mo-ment by mo-ment," so foes that my soul would en-snare; All that I need he is pas-tures of mer-cy and love; By the still wa-ters, a-

call-ing so cheer-i-ly, Bringing me in-to his mar-vel-ous light. kind-ly up-hold-ing me, Shedding up-on me the light of his face. rich-ly pro-vid-ing me, Bid-ding me cast up-on him ev-'ry care. bun-dant-ly feed-ing me, Lead-ing me on to his glo-ry a-bove.

CHORUS.

O it is won-der-ful, glo-rious and won-der-ful! Love's blessed

ban-ner shall o-ver me wave; Je-sus is mighty to save.

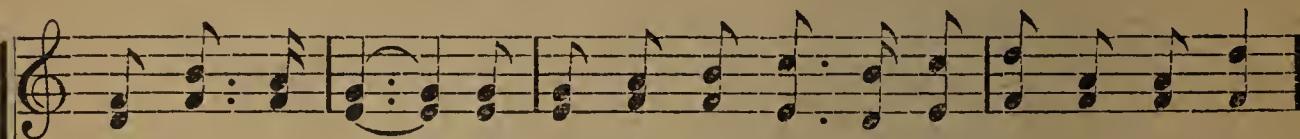
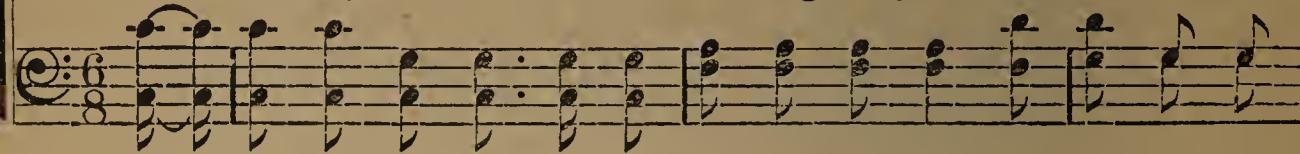
58 He Touched Me and Made Me Whole.

T. S.

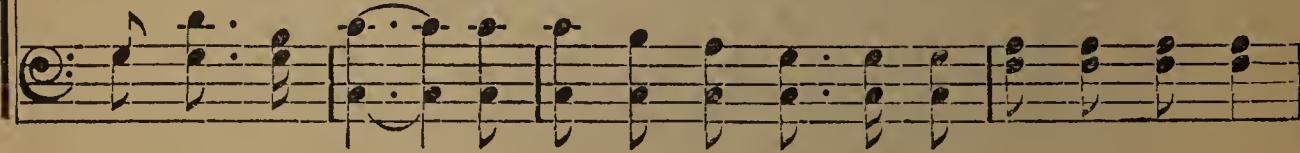
THOMAS SULLIVAN.



1. To the feet of my Sav-iour, in trembling and fear, A pen - i - tent
2. I knew not the ten - der com-pas-sion and love That Je - sus, my
3. "My grace is suf - fi-cient," I heard his dear voice, "O come and find
4. O Je-sus, dear Je-sus, thy name I a - dore, For sav-ing and
5. O come, my dear broth-er, he's wait-ing for you, Your sin-burdened



sin - ner I came; He saw and in mer - cy he bade me draw near;
Sav-iour, had shown, Tho' burden'd with grief, his dear hand brought relief;
rest for your soul; From sin you to save, my life free - ly I gave;
keeping my soul; Thy prais-es I'll sing, my Re-deem-er and King,
heart to con - sole; Your wea-ry head rest on his dear, lov-ing breast;



CHORUS.



All glo - ry and praise to his name. He touched me and
He healed me and called me his own.
I died that you might be made whole."
Thy dear lov - ing hand made me whole.
He suf - fered and died for your soul. He touched me, he



thus made me whole, Bring-ing com-fort and rest to my
touched me and thus made me whole, bring - ing



He Touched Me and Made Me Whole. Concluded.

Music score for 'He Touched Me and Made Me Whole. Concluded.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The music includes lyrics: 'soul; O glad, happy day, all my sins roll'd a-way! rest to my soul; For he touched me and thus made me whole. made me whole.' The score ends with a repeat sign and a bass clef.

59 Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Arr. by R. K. CARTER.

FINE.

Music score for 'Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The music includes lyrics: '1. { Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kindling, flaming, glow - ing, } { High-er still and ris - ing higher, All my soul o'er-flow - ing; } D.C.—I was dead, but now I live, Glo-ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!' The score ends with a repeat sign and a bass clef.

2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven:
'Tis a glorious liberty;
O the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation,

Now I know it's full and free;
O the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

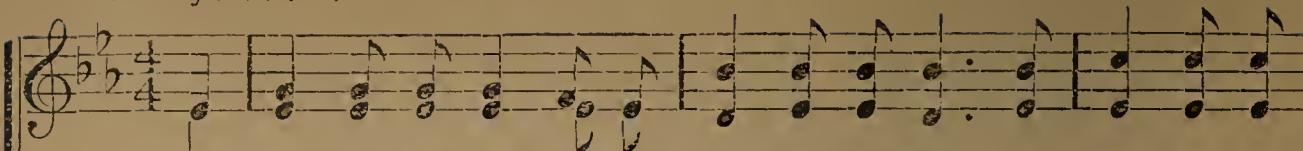
4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin he frees us,
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

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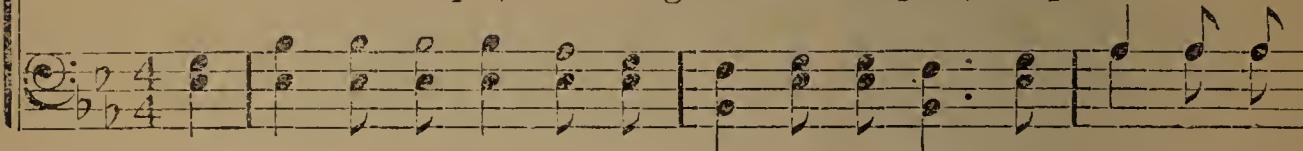
REV. H. J. ZELLEY.
Cho. by H. L. G.

PSALM 40: 1-3.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. My heart was distressed 'neath Jehovah's dread frown, And low in the
 2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es -
 3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by
 4. I'll sing of his won - der - ful mer - ey to me, I'll praise him till
 5. I'll tell of the pit, with its gloom and despair, I'll praise the dear



pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the
 established and here I'll a-bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while
 night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's ov-er - flow-ing, I'm
 all men his good-ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va-tion at
 Fa-ther, who answered my prayer; I'll sing my new song, the glad



deep, mir - y clay, Who ten - der - ly bro't me out to gold - en day.
 here I remain, But stand by his grace until the crown I gain.
 hap - py and free, I'll praise my Redeemer, who has rescued me.
 home and abroad, Till ma - ny shall hear the truth and trust in God.
 sto - ry of love, Then join in the chorus with the saints a - bove.



CHORUS.



He bro't me out of the mir - y clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;

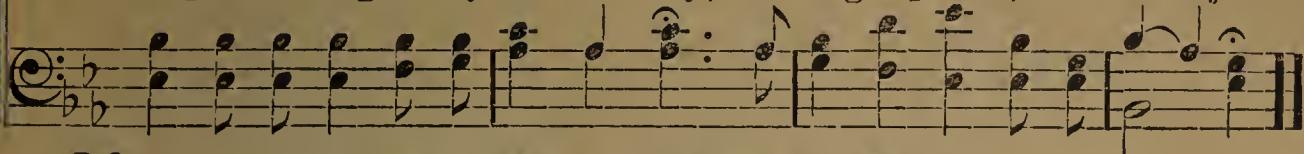


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He Brought Me Out. Concluded.



He puts a song in my soul to - day, A song of praise, hal-le-lu - jah.



61 I Have Peace, Sweet Peace.

MRS. C. H. M.

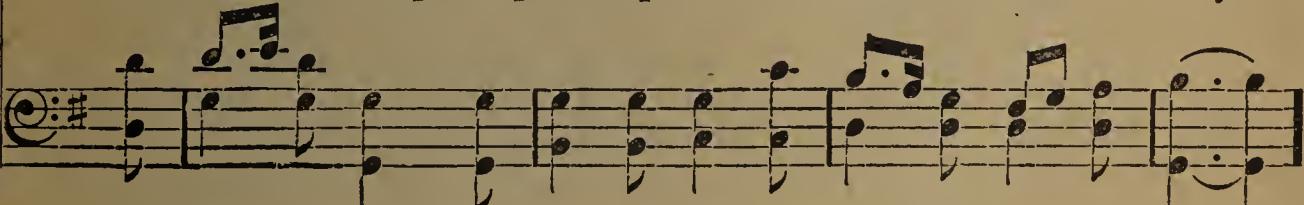
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Like oil up-on the troubled sea, To lull its waves to rest,
2. A peace that knows no ebb and flow, But deep, un-bro-ken calm;
3. How precious is this wondrous peace, Which as a riv - er flows,
4. Then, if my way berough and steep, I'll trust, nor be a - fraid;



So came the peace of God to me, His com-fort to my breast.
Since Christ, the Prince of Peace I know, And his a - lone I am.
When tempests beat and storms increase, My peace still deeper grows.
For God will keep in perfect peace Whose heart on him is stayed.



CHORUS



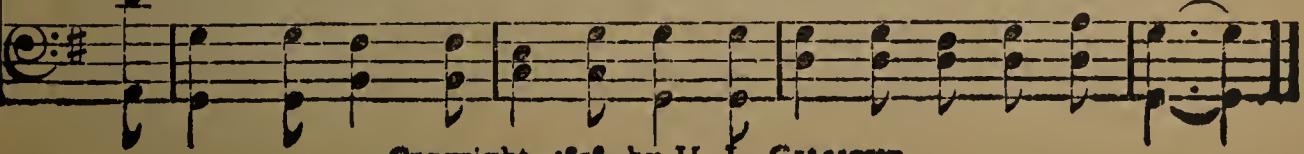
I have peace, sweet peace, I have peace, sweet peace, Since Jesus my life doth control.



sweet peace, sweet peace, rit. I've sweet peace;



A ho - ly calm, a-bid-ing peace, Sweet peace, down deep in my soul.



In His Keeping.

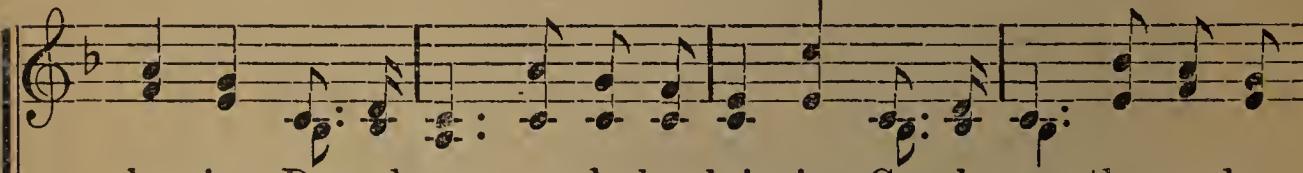
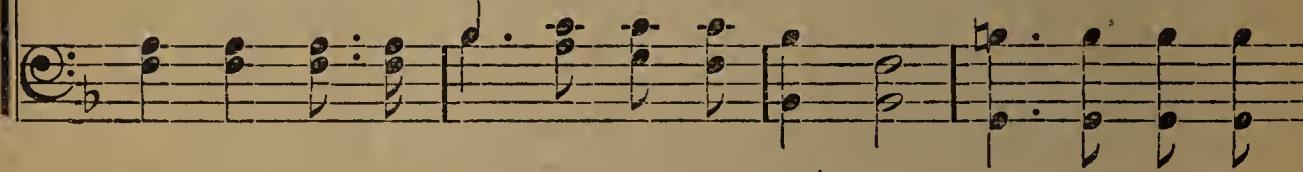
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



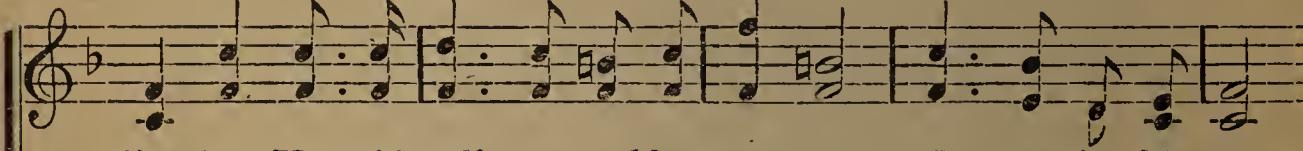
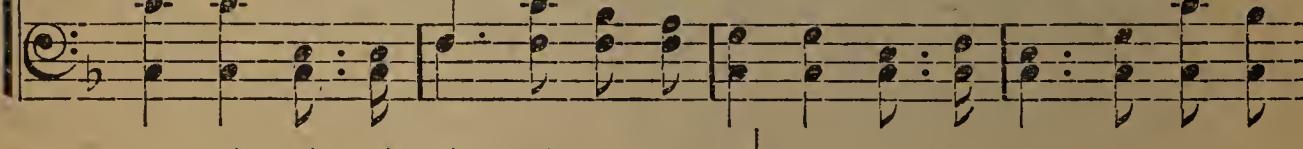
1. When the ear - ly morning breaking, Slum-ber from my eye-lids
 2. Some - times dark clouds hang o'er me Not one step I see be-
 3. Gen - tle ev - en - tide is near - ing, Light from heav-en dis - ap-



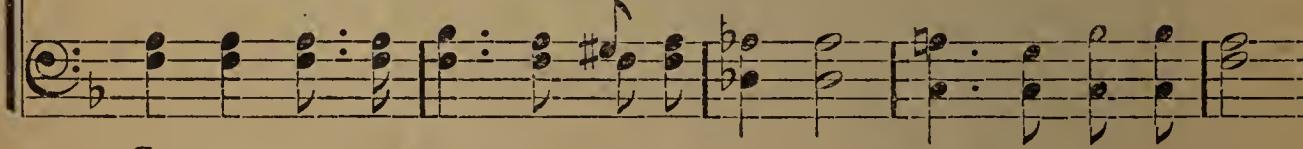
shak-ing, Come the bless-ed tho't with wak-ing, I am in his
 fore me; Still my Sav-iour, I a-dore thee, I am in his
 pear-ing, Still the bless-ed tho't so cheer-ing, I am in his



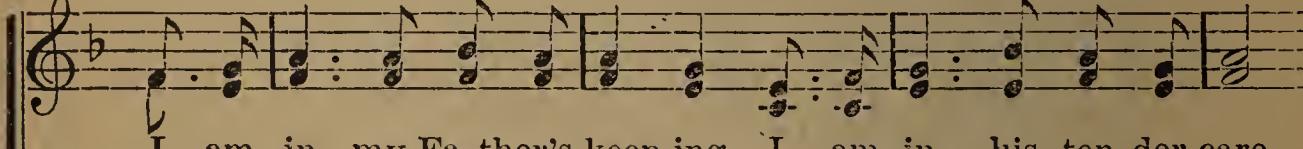
keeping. Day ad-van - ces, la-bor bringing, Care, her mantle round me
 keeping. I can trust his hand to guide me. 'Neath his wings he'll safely
 keeping. Now night's curtains gather round me, Yet its dangers have not



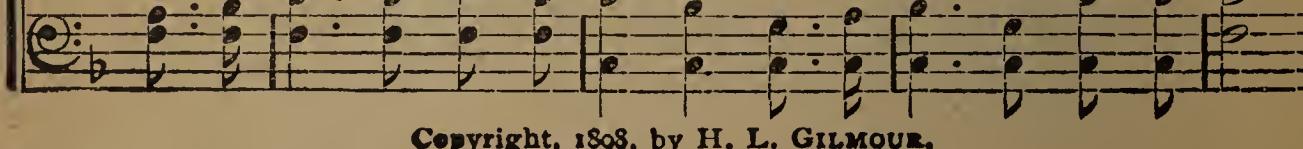
fling-ing, Yet midst all my soul keeps singing, I am in his care.
 hide me, And no harm can e'er be - tide me, I am in his care.
 found me, For his an - gel guards surround me, I am in his care.



CHORUS.



I am in my Fa-ther's keep-ing, I am in his ten-der care.

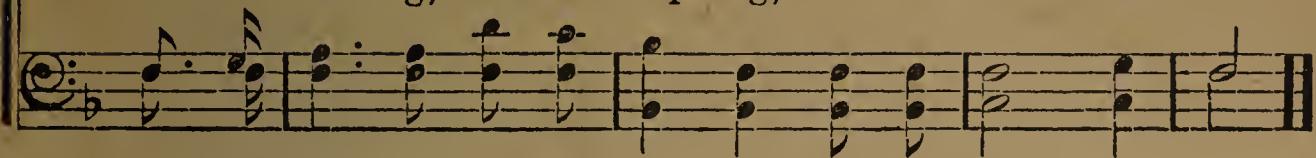


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In His Keeping. Concluded.



Whether wak-ing, whether sleep-ing, I am in his care.



63

Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

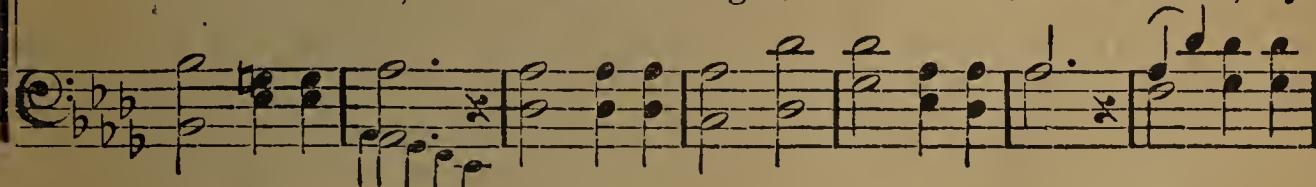
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Near-er, still nearer, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Saviour, so
2. Near-er, still nearer, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to
3. Near-er, still nearer, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near-er, still nearer, while life shall last, 'Till safe in glo-ry my



precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shelter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sinful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pom and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a-ges, ev - er to be, Near-er, my



safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
Je-sus, my Lord crucified, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord crucified.
Saviour, still nearer to thee, Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to thee.



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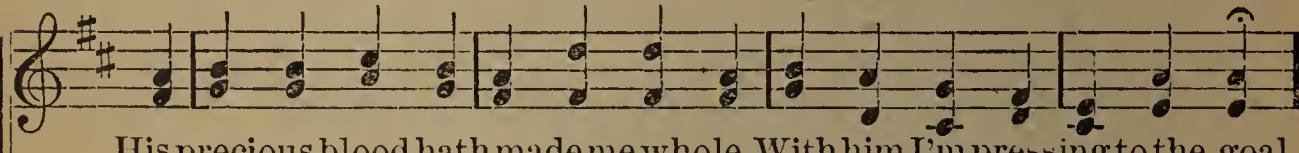
Not too slow.



1. Since to my heart he came to dwell, My dearest Friend is Je - sus;
 2. He takes the bur-den from my heart, My dearest Friend is Je - sus;
 3. With willing tongue his praise I sing, My dearest Friend is Je - sus;



His wondrous love I'll glad-ly tell, My dear-est Friend is Je - sus.
 His life to me he doth im-part, My dear-est Friend is Je - sus.
 By lov-ing service crown him King, My dear-est Friend is Je - sus.



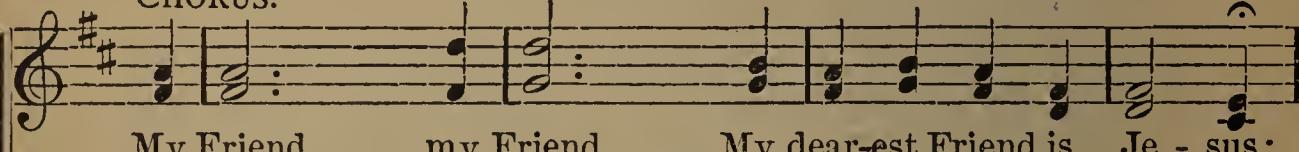
His precious blood hath made me whole, With him I'm pressing to the goal,
 His mer-cy reach-es ev - en me, He breaks my bonds and sets me free,
 Beneath his wings I'm free from care, My load of sin his shoulders bear,



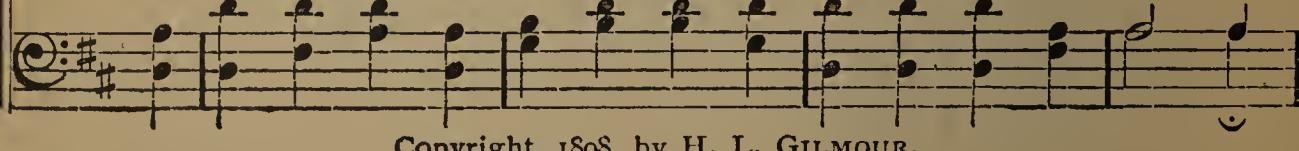
His bless-ed peace is in my soul, My dear-est Friend is Je - sus.
 In him is joy and lib - er - ty, My dear-est Friend is Je - sus.
 My heart he doth inspire to prayer, My dear-est Friend is Je - sus.



CHORUS.



My Friend, my Friend, My dear-est Friend is Je - sus;
 My Friend, my Friend, my tru - est Friend,



My Dearest Friend is Jesus. Concluded.

rit.

Musical notation for 'My Dearest Friend is Jesus.' in G major, common time. The melody consists of two staves: a soprano staff with a treble clef and a bass staff with an bass clef. The lyrics are: 'I have no fear, since he is near, My precious Saviour, Je - sus.'

65

Blessed Quietness.

MRS. MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Musical notation for 'Blessed Quietness.' in C major, common time. The melody consists of two staves: a soprano staff with a treble clef and a bass staff with an bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. Joys are flowing like a riv-er, Since the Comforter has come; 2. Bringing life, and health, and gladness All around, this glorious Guest, 3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sunlight from the sky, 4. See, a fruit-ful field is growing, Blessed fruits of righteousness; 5. What a won-der-ful sal - va-tion, Where we always see his face;'

Musical notation for 'Blessed Quietness.' in C major, common time. The melody consists of two staves: a soprano staff with a treble clef and a bass staff with an bass clef. The lyrics are: 'He a-bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trusting hearth his home. Banished un - be - lief and sadness, Chang'd our weariness to rest. So the Ho-ly Ghost is giv-en, Com-ing on us from on high. And the streams of life are flowing In the lone-ly wil - der - ness. What a peaceful hab - i - ta-tion, Whata qui - et rest - ing place!'

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the Chorus of 'Blessed Quietness.' in C major, common time. The melody consists of two staves: a soprano staff with a treble clef and a bass staff with an bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Blessed qui - et-ness, ho-ly qui - et-ness, What assurance in my soul, On the stormy sea, speaking peace to me, How the billows cease to roll.'

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1. Would you live for Je-sus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the
 3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him

Him with-in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden,
 peace that comes by giv-ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
 true each prov-i-den-tial test? Would you in His serv-ice la-bor

CHORUS.

carry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee. }
 you need never fail? Let Him have His way with thee. } His pow'r can make you what you
 always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee. }

ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

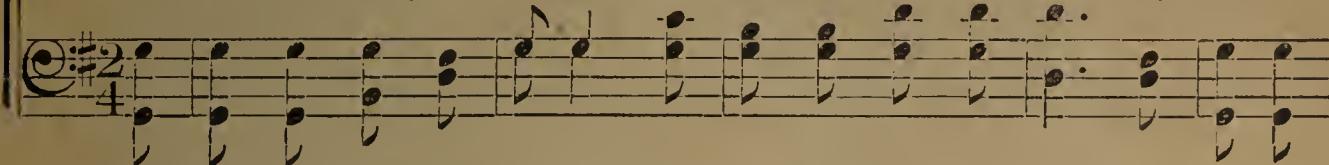
67 There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TRYAWAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. My hap-py soul re-joic-es, The sky is bright a-bove; I'll join the
 2. I heard the bless-ed sto-ry Of Him who died to save; The love of
 3. His gra-cious words of pard-on Were mu-sie to my heart; He took a-
 4. I plunge be-neath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from
 5. O crown Him King for-ev-er! My Sav-iour and my Friend; By Zi-on's

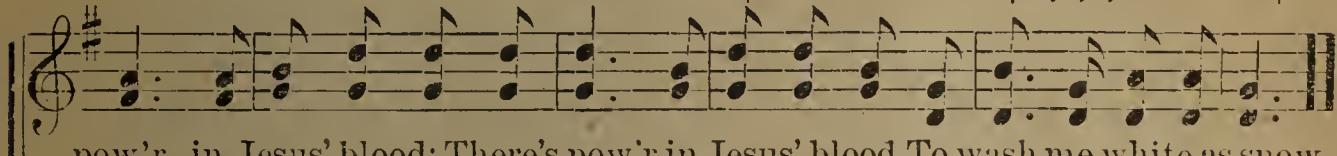


CHORUS.

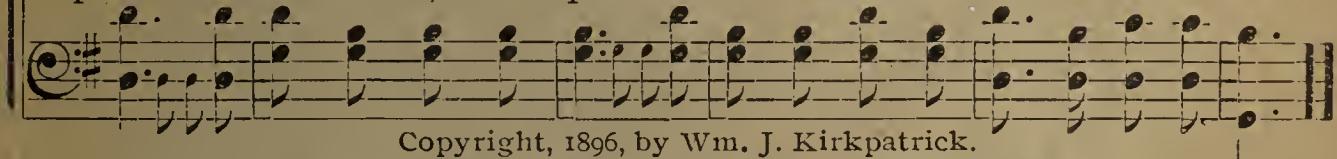


heav'ly voic-es, And sing redeeming love.
 Christ swept o'er me, My all to Him I gave.
 way my burden, And bade my fears depart.
 Calv'ry's mountain, With blessing in its flow.
 crys-tal riv-er His praise shall never end.

For there's pow'r in Jesus' blood,



pow'r in Jesus' blood; There's pow'r in Jesus' blood To wash me white as snow.



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68 Jesus Has His Way With Me.

TUNE, page 66.

Dedicated to Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum, by author.

1 Walking with my Saviour, clinging
 only to the cross;
 Bathing in the blood that purifies from dross;
 For His blessed knowledge counting all
 besides but loss—
 Jesus has His way with me.

CHORUS.

His power has made me what I ought
 to be!
 His blood now sanctifies, and sets me free!
 His love fills all my soul, and I can sec.
 'Tis best for Him to have His way with me.

2 Though the waves of sorrow in great
 surges o'er me roll,
 Though the powers of hell be loosed
 against my soul,

Nothing can affright me, for my Saviour
 has control,
 Jesus has His way with me.

3 In the shelter of His love I find the
 sweetest rest;
 Trusting in His word I am supremely blest;
 Grace sufficient He supplies for each
 recurring test,
 Jesus has His way with me.

4 So, without a doubt or fear, along
 life's way I go;
 In the fiercest fight I conquer every foe;
 Only good can come to me, for this I
 surely know,
 Jesus has His way with me.

MRS. F. E. WILLIAMS.

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MRS. C. H. M.

Solo and Chorus.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Long by sin my eyes were hold-en, Wea - ry years in blindness
 2. It was Christ, the lowly Je - sus, Who once walk'd in Gal-i-
 3. How my load of cares fell from me, How my doubts and fears were
 4. Day by day he's waiting with me, Holds my hand and guides my

spent;
lee,
stilled,
feet;

Wast - ed were the hours all gold - en, All my
Now the ris'n, triumphant Je - sus Who had
And that restless void and long - ing, With his
Ev - er in my ear he whis - pers Words of

life on pleas - ure bent.
thus brought sight to me.
pre - cious love was filled.
com - fort won-drous sweet.

Till One came in love and
Bright-er shone the sun a-
How I felt my sins for-
Do you won-der I'm re-

mer - cy, Touched my eyes and sight did bring;
bove me, Sweet - er seemed the birds to sing;
giv - en, Felt new life with-in me spring;
joic - ing, Won - der that I shout and sing?

Mine Eyes Beheld the King. Concluded.



At his feet I fell and worshipp'd, For mine eyes beheld the King.
 All the earth took on new beauty, When mine eyes beheld the King.
 I became an heir of heav-en, When mine eyes beheld the King.
 For I'm liv-ing in his presence, And I still behold the King.



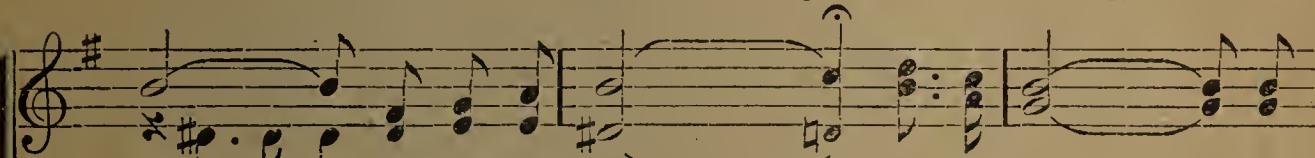
CHORUS.



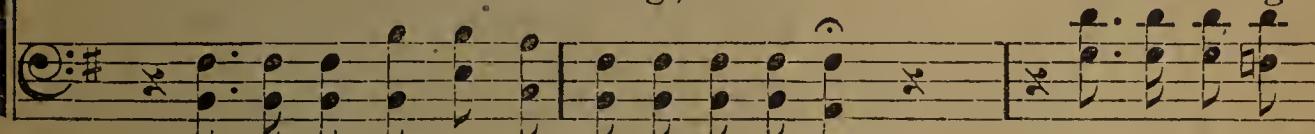
For mine eyes be-held the King, For mine
 When mine eyes be-held the King, When mine
 When mine eyes be-held the King, When mine
 And I still be-held the King, And I



For mine eyes be - held the King, be - held the King,
 When mine eyes be - held the King, be - held the King,
 When mine eyes be - held the King, be - held the King,
 And I still be - hold the King, be - hold the King,

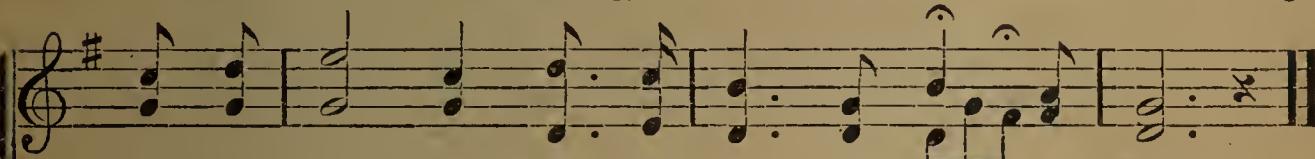


eyes beheld the King; At his feet I
 eyes beheld the King; All the earth took
 eyes beheld the King; I be-came an
 still behold the King; For I'm liv - - ing



For mine eyes be-held the King, beheld the King;
 When mine eyes be-held the King, beheld the King;
 When mine eyes be-held the King, beheld the King;
 And I still be-hold the King, behold the King;

At his feet I
 All the earth took
 I became an
 For I'm liv - ing



fell and worshipped, For mine eyes be - held the King.
 on new beau - ty, When mine eyes be - held the King.
 heir of heav - en, When mine eyes be - held the King.
 in his pres - ence, And I still be - hold the King.



W. J. K.

With great feeling.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;



FINE.



The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



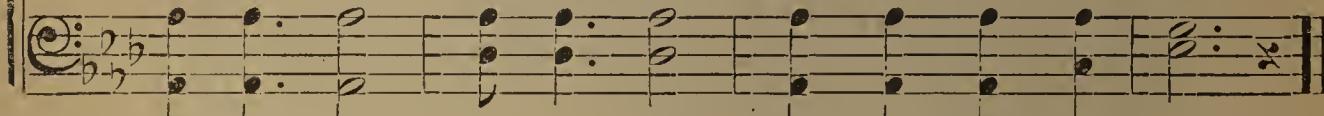
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er more to roam;



5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home,
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

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MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Send sal - va-tion, Lord, send Thy full sal-va-tion, Lord, Send it now,
2. Send Thy pardon, Lord, send Thy gracious par-don, Lord, Send it now,
3. Send, O send the fire, send the all - re - fin-ing fire, Send it now,

Send it now,



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Send It Now. Concluded.

4 Send, O send the power, send the Pentecostal power,
Send it now, send it now;
Blessed Holy Ghost, breathe upon this waiting host,
Send the power, O send it now,
Send the power, O send it now.

5 For He comes, He comes, lo, the blessed Spirit comes,
Fills me now, fills me now;
Fully saved I am, glory, glory to the Lamb,
For He comes and fills me now,
For He comes and fills me now.

72

Cleansing Wave.

PHOEBE PALMER.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1 O now I see the cleansing wave!
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and O it cleanseth me!
O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

WILL V. MILLER.

NELLIE R. GREEN.

1. Blest with the mercy of Jesus my King, Happy, so happy, the songs that I sing;
2. Once in the darkness I wandered astray, Far from His love and His mercy away;
3. Cleansing from sin, and this rest, sweetest rest, Makes me contented and perfectly blest;
4. Come to this Saviour, ye weary and sad, See this salvation, 'twill make your hearts glad;

CHO.—O hal - le-lu-jah! His love is so free! O hal - le-lu-jah! He sat - is-fies me!

D. C. Chorus.

Filled with His fulness so rich and so free, O hal - le-lu-jah! He sat-is-fies me.

Now I am resting in Je-sus' control, His perfect peace fills my satisfied soul.

Now un-to Je-sus, my Master and King, Glory and honor for-ev-er I'll sing.

Ev - er to Je-sus for safety abide, 'Neath His blest shelter His rapture confide.

This great salvation with joy I'll proclaim, Loud hallelujahs give Jesus' dear name.

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REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been washed from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour, Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Following Him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this word of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en- ter in. of His pow'r Ev - er my pray'r shall be. He will give, So then with faith I pray. I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.

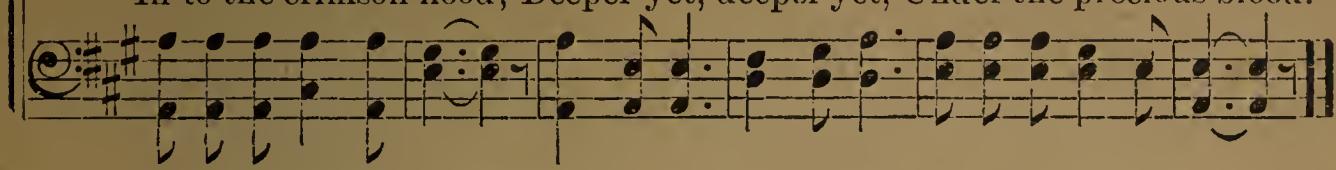
Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,

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Deeper Yet. Concluded.



In-to the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.



75

Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

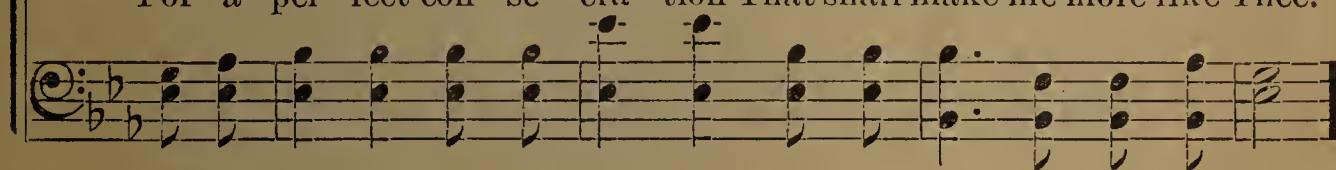
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, To be more and more like Thee;
2. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray-ing to be hum-bled By the pow'r of grace di-vine,
4. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, And my constant pray'r shall be



I am pray-ing that Thy Spir-it Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see Thy glo-ry Thro' the deep-est, dark-est night.
To be clothed up-on with meek-ness, And to have no will but Thine.
For a per-fect con-se-cra-tion That shall make me more like Thee.



CHORUS.



Thou who know-est all my weak-ness, Thou who know-est all my care,



While I plead each precious prom-ise, Hear, O hear and an-swer pray'r.



1. Re-demp-tion is of-fered by Je-sus the Lord To all who would
 2. Thou nev-er couldst mer-it this won-der-ful gift, Tho' years thou shouldst
 3. No sin could so blacken the fair page of life, And cause thee God's
 4. A per-fect sal-va-tion from Christ to re-ceive If thou with His

par-don re-ceive; The terms of sal-va-tion laid down in God's word Are
 strug-gle and try; Think not of thy fit-ness, but think of the love Which
 wrath to re-ceive, As scorning the love of His Son cru-ci-fied, Re-
 terms wilt comply; Re-pent and be-lieve, and e-ter-nal-ly live, Re-

CHORUS.

but to "Re-pent and be-lieve." Re-ject Him no long-er, but
 caused Him for sin-ners to die.

fus-ing on Him to be-lieve.

fuse, and e-ter-nal-ly die. Re-ject Him no longer, no longer, but

come as thou art,..... In lov-ing sur-ren-der give Je-sus thy
 come as thou art, as thou art, In lov-ing surrender, surrender, give Je-sus, give

heart;..... Sal-va-tion this mo-ment from
 Je-sus thy heart; Sal-va-tion this mo-ment, sal-va-tion this mo-ment from

“Repent and Believe.” Concluded.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

77 Humble Adoration.

- 1 Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored!
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
- 2 Though unworthy of Thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring
When around Thy Throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way,
Till we come to dwell with Thee,
Till we all Thy glory see.

UNKNOWN.

78 Blessings Implored.

- 1 Lord, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
- 3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here to stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

80

LONGING TO BE DISSOLVED IN LOVE.

1 Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In Him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank Thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable:
And wait with arms of faith t'embrace,
And all Thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;

My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me Thyselv: from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in Thee be lost,
But give Thyselv to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless Thyselv be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where Thou art is heaven.

St. Catherine. L. M.

Adapted by J. G. WALTON.

81 *Faith of Our Fathers.*

1 Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's
fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows
how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

FREDERICK W. FABER.

82 *Wrestling Jacob.*

1 Come, O Thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee:

With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on Thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh com-
plain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Woodland. C. M.

NATHANIEL D. GOULD.

83 Warning.

- 1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
O think before thou die.
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

JOSEPH HART.

84 Victorious Faith.

- 1 Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my Head,

I trust in Thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised Him from the dead.

- 2 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quickening word shall raise me
up,
Thou wilt Thy Spirit give.
- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise
sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"
- 4 To Thee the glory of Thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.
- 5 Obedient faith that waits on Thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

85

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 5 Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

86

- 1 O for that flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven as-
pire,—
 Calm in distress, in danger bold.
- 2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which
dwelt
 In Abrah'm's breast, and sealed him
thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow
melt
 And glow with energy divine?

- 3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaimed thy love, and taught thy
ways?
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
 And breathed in David's hallowed
lays?
- 4 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
 On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

87

1 Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defilcd in every part.

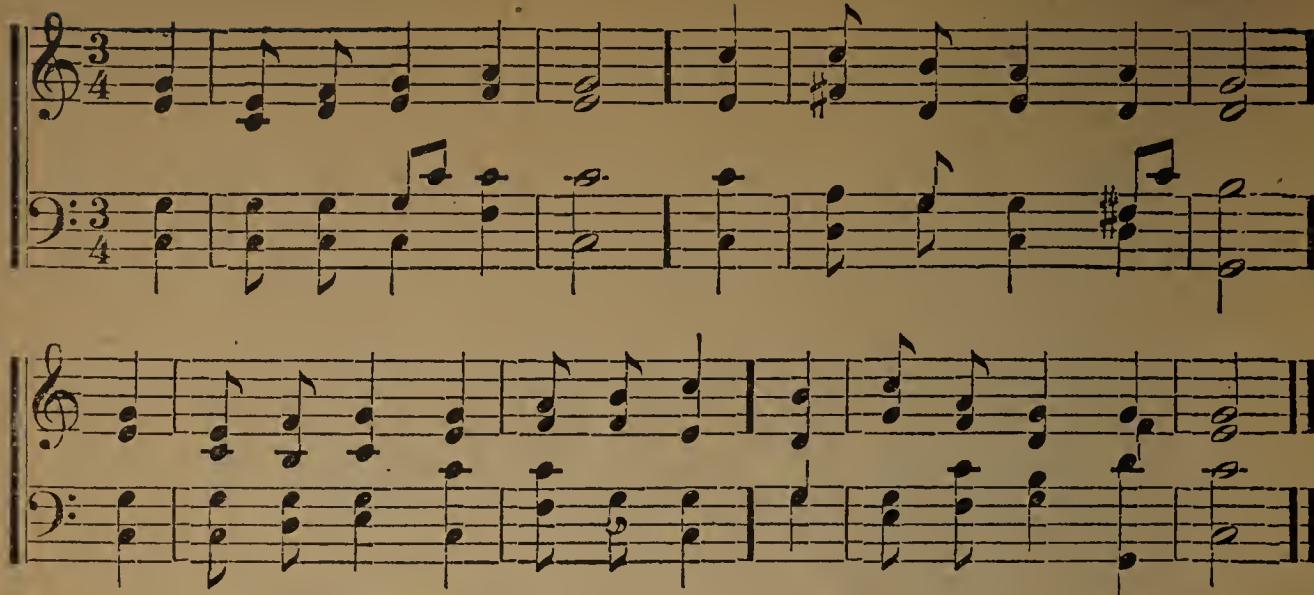
3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



88 FOR WATCHFULNESS.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live ;
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

89 SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed ;
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown :
- 3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain :
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

90 MAKE HASTE TO LIVE.

- 1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die ;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
How swift its moments fly.
- 2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done ;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
- 3 Up, then, with speed, and work ;
Fling ease and self away ;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray !
- 4 Make haste, O man to live,
Thy time is almost o'er ;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

HORATIUS BONAP.

91 MOURN FOR THE SLAIN.

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong ;
Mourn for the vine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free ;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall
And to the refuge flee.
- 3 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Mas - ter's feet, There is fa - vor
 2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend a -
 3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are
 4. There is per - fect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of

now at the mer-cy-seat, For a - ton-ing blood has been sprinkled there;
 bove is a Friend in-deed, We may cast on Him ev - 'ry grief and care;
 sad with its ills and strife, When the pow'rs of sin would the soul en-snare,
 love for the seek-ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in His home so fair;

CHORUS.

There is always a blessing, a blessing in pray'r. There's a blessing in pray'r, in be-

lieving pray'r; When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's

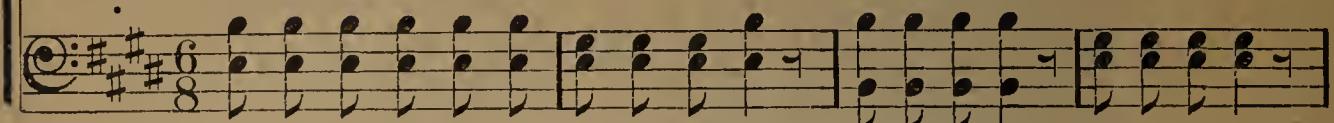
love will re-ceive us there; There is al-ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Thanks be to Je-sus, his mer-cy is free, Mer-cy is free, mer-cy is free;
2. Why on the mountain of sin wilt thou roain? Mer-cy is free, mer-cy is free;
3. Think of his goodness, his patience, and love, Mer-cy is free, mer-cy is free;
4. Yes, there is pardon for all who believe, Mer-cy is free, mer-cy is free;

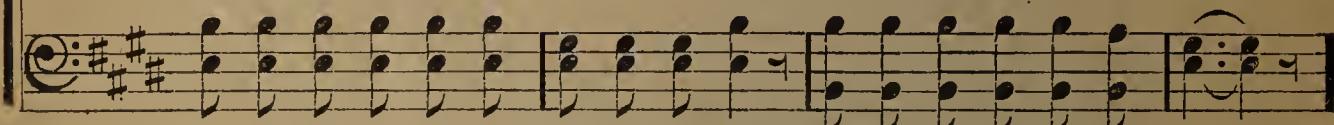


CHO.—Je-sus the Saviour is looking for thee, Looking for thee, looking for thee;

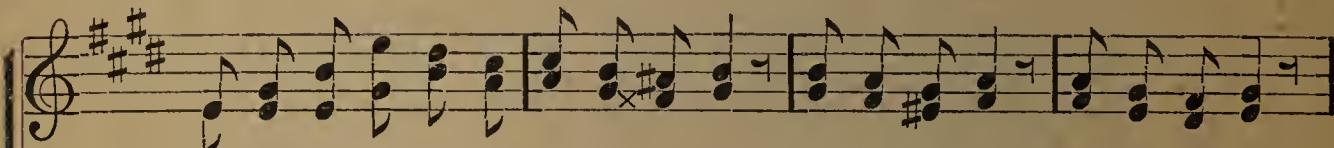
FINE.



Sin-ner, that mercy is flow-ing for thee, Mer-cy is boundless and free.
 Gently the Spirit is calling, "Come home," Mer-cy is boundless and free.
 Pleading thy cause with his Father above, Mer-cy is boundless and free.
 Come and this moment a blessing receive, Mer-cy is boundless and free.



Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly call-ing for thee, Calling and looking for thee.



If thou art willing on him to be-lieve, Mercy is free, mer-cy is free;
 Thou art in darkness, O, come to the light, Mercy is free, mer-cy is free;
 Come and repenting, O, give him thy heart, Mercy is free, mer-cy is free;
 Je - sus is waiting, O, hear him proclaim, Mercy is free, mer-cy is free;



D. C. Chorus.



Life ev - er-last-ing thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Je - sus is waiting, he'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Grieve him no longer, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Cling to his mercy, believe on his name, Mercy is boundless and free.



CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. The sands have been washed in the foot-prints Of the strang-er on
 2. There are so ma-ny hills to climb up-ward, I oft-en am
 3. He loves me too well to for-sake me Or give me one
 4. When the last fee-ble step has been tak-en And the gates of that

D. C.—And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing, When I get to the
Last.—Then the toils of the road will seem noth-ing, When I get to the

Gal-i-lee's shore, And the voice that sub-dued the rough bil-lows,
 long-ing for rest, But he who ap-points me my path-way
 tri-al too much, All his peo-ple have been dear-ly pur-chased,
 cit-y ap-pear And the beau-ti-ful songs of the an-gels

end of the way, And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing,
 end of the way, Then the toils of the road will seem noth-ing.

FINE.

Will be heard in Ju-de-a no more. But the path of that
 Knows just what is need-ful and best. I know in his
 And Sa-tan can nev-er claim such. By and by I shall
 Float out on my list-en-ing ear; When all that now

When I get to the end of the way.

D. C.

lone Gal-i-lee-an With joy I will fol-low to-day;
 word he hath prom-ised That my strength, "it shall be as my day,"
 see him and praise him, In the cit-y of un-end-ing day;
 seems so mys-te-rious, Will be bright and as clear as the day;

I. N. M.

I. N. McHOSE.



1. There's a feast now a - wait-ing, prepared by lov-ing hands, In the
 2. Come, for all things are read-y, why will you stay a - way? Hear the
 3. 'Tis a feast ev - er - last-ing, a - bun-dant, rich and free, Thro' the



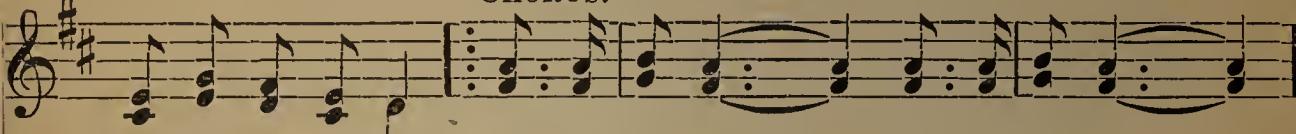
midst of the banquet, the gen - tle Saviour stands; Then no lon - ger go
 kind in - vi - ta - tion, O come, without de - lay; 'Tis the day of sal-
 blood of the Saviour, an o - pen door we see; Come and wear the white



rov-ing o'er deserts bare and wild, See! the Father now is wait-ing to
 va-tion, why will you longer roam? There's a mansion now pre-par-ing for
 raiment, the wedding garment fair, And the Lord and all His an-gels will



CHORUS.



greet His wea-ry child. You're in-vit - ed,..... are you com-ing?.....
 you in yon-der home.

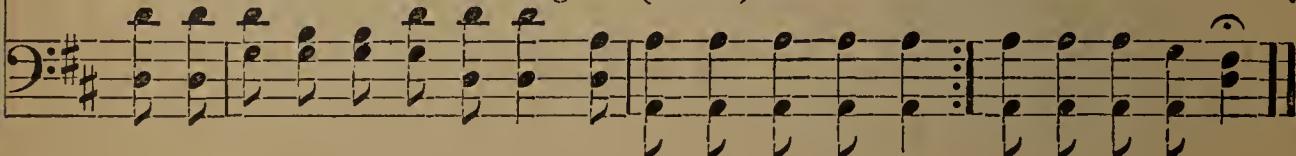
bid you welcome there.

to the feast,

to the feast,



O ac-cept the in - vi - ta - tion, all things are ready, come ;
 See the Father now is waiting to (Omit) welcome wand'lers home.



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96 "The Past is All Under the Blood."

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. A pres-ent and perfect sal-va-tion I have In Je - sus my Sav-iour,
 2. The blood of the Lamb cleanseth now from all sin, Than snow makes me whiter;
 3. The burden of guilt which so long I had borne, In weight like a mountain;
 4. He leads me so gent-ly the way I should go, My wonderful Keep-er;
 5. I'm lost and encompassed with wonderful Love, Tho' nothing I mer - it;

For he is a-bun-dant-ly a-ble to save Both now and for-ev - er.
 The Comforter promised a-bid-eth within, My path growing brighter.
 The sins which had caus'd me so often to mourn, All lost in the fountain.
 And gives sweetest comfort the world cannot know, My peace growing deeper.
 A beau-ti - ful mansion preparing above, I soon shall in-her - it.

CHORUS.

He saves me just now, hal - le - lu - jah! The past is all

un - der the blood, . . . And Cal - va - ry's flow makes me
 un - der, yes, un - der the blood,

whiter than snow, The past is all un - der the blood.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."—Psalm 91:1.

Mrs. GUSTAVUS REMAK. H. L. GILMOUR.



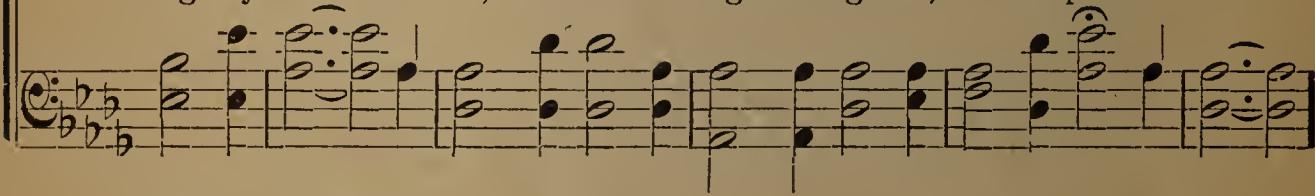
1. "Under the shadow of thy wing" Dear Savior, let me hide, From sin's fierce storm and
 2. "Under the shadow of thy wing" My spirit shall rejoice, From thence my help and
 3. Oh! give "thine angels charge o'er me" "In all thy ways to keep" My heart—that often
 4. "Under the shadow of thy wing" I shall not be a - fraid, Of plague—or e-vil—



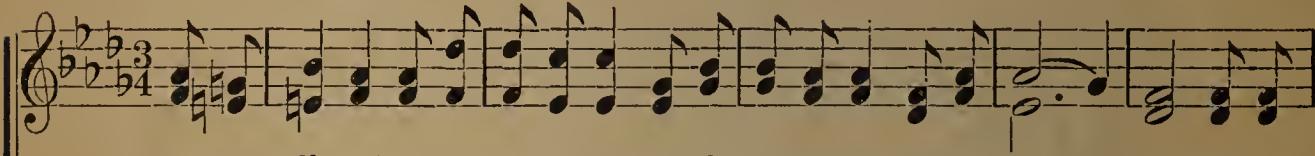
sorrow's sting There safely I'll abide, Let not earth's fleeting dreams of joy, Or pleasure's strength I bring And there I hear thy voice; Oh! may I hear thy voice divine! Whisper, "Come strays from thee Thro' dangers dark and deep— Wanders, a-las! 'till wearily I weeping there I'll sing—"The Lord! my strength is made," He is my Rock and Hiding-place, My God! My



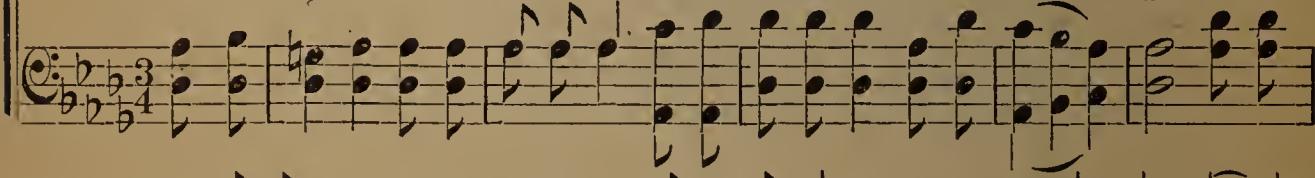
Sy - ren song, My soul from virtue's path de-coy, To sel-fish-ness and wrong.
 un - to me" Thou wea-ry, heav-y - la - den one, "My peace I'll give to thee."
 turn a - side, Un - to thine arms of mer-cy flee And in thy shadow hide.
 King! my Friend! In Him, I'll trust—he'll give me grace, And keep me to the end.



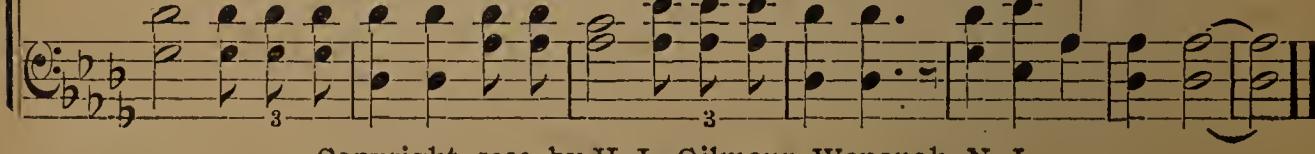
CHORUS. *Psalm 91: 1.*



He that dwelleth in the secret place, in the secret place of the most high, shall a-



bide under the shadow, shall abide under the shadow of the Al-might-y.



ELLA M. PARKS.

An effective Solo.

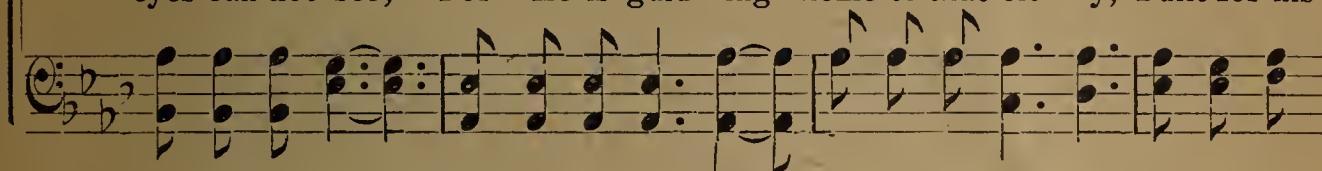
H. L. GILMOUR.



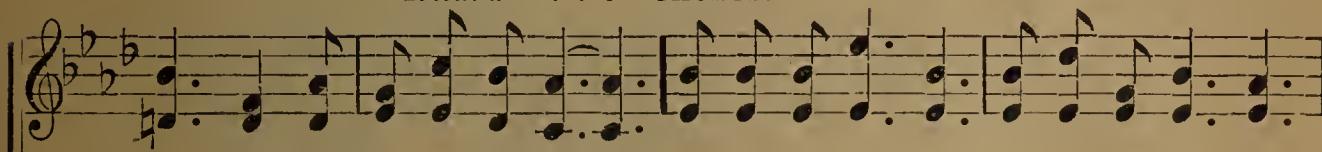
1. Af - ter the earth - ly shadows have lift - ed, And o'er the hill - tops
 2. Helpless he found me, lift - ed me to Him; Whisper'd of par - don a -
 3. Now in His pres-ence, dai - ly I'm liv - ing, Walking by faith where mine



morn-ing I see, Sweetest of pros - pects, I shall be-hold Him, Je-sus, the
 bundant and free; Breath'd He His peace o'er my sin-stricken spir-it; Pointed my
 eyes can-not see; For He is guid - ing home to that cit - y, Built for his



Ritard CHORUS.



Sav - ior of sinners like me.

vis - ion to Cal - va-ry's tree. When I behold Him, Christ, in His beau-ty,
 lov'd ones—sav'd sinners like me.

When with the ran-som'd His face I shall see, Oh, how my heart in



Ritard.



rapture will praise Him, Praise Him for sav - ing a sin-ner like me.



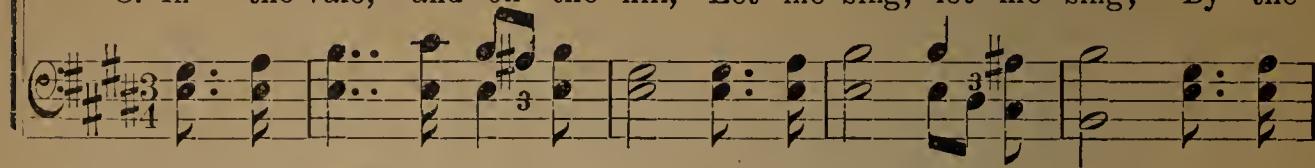
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sav - ior, one sweet song to Thee, Let me sing, let me sing; Praise for
 2. With the morn-ing's dew - y light, Let me sing, let me sing; In the
 3. In the vale, and on the hill, Let me sing, let me sing; By the



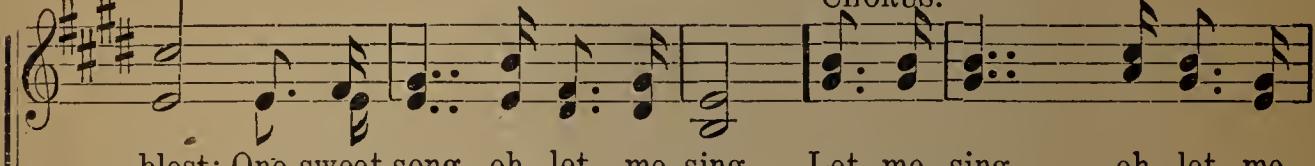
all Thy grace to me, Let me sing, oh, let me sing; Thou hast
 si - lent hush of night, Let me sing, oh, let me sing; Let me
 cool and shad - y rill, Let me sing, oh, let me sing; Let me



grant-ed my request, Perfect peace, a-bid-ing rest, Now in Thee su-preme-ly
 sing, for Thou art mine, And I know that I am Thine; All is well O bliss di-
 sing my love to Thee, While on earth Thou leadest me, Then thro' all e - ter - ni-



CHORUS.



blest; One sweet song oh, let me sing. Let me sing, oh, let me
 vine; One sweet song oh, let me sing. Let me sing,
 ty, One sweet song oh, let me sing. Let me sing,



sing Like the bird on air - y wing, Un - to Thee my Lord and
 let me sing, Like the bird on air-y wing. Unto Thee, my Lord, my



One Sweet Song. Concluded.

ritard.

King, One sweet song, oh, let me sing.
Lord and King, One sweet song, let me sing.

100

Salvation.

ISAAC WATTS.

Music and Cho. by J. M. HARRIS.

1. Sal - va - tion! oh, the joy - ful sound! What pleas - ure to our ears!
2. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round,
3. Sal - va - tion, oh, Thou bleed-ing Lamb! To Thee the praise be - longs;

A sovereign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.
Sal - va - tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up - on our tongues.

CHORUS.

Sal - va - tion full! sal - va - tion free! Sal - va - tion reach - es e - ven me;
Sal - va - tion full! sal - va - tion free! Sal - va - tion reaches

My heart is clean thro' Je - sus' blood, All glo - ry to the Lamb of God.

J. EDW. RUARK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. You may have the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its full - ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri - als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf - fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to



from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and nar - row way,
 those a - round you sweet - ly show; Words of kind - ness al - ways say,
 He will give to o - ver - come; Tho' un - seen by mor - tal eye,
 ev - 'ry ser - vice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to win



Live for Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
 Deeds of mer - cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
 He is with you ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
 If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.



D. S.—*He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.*

CHORUS.



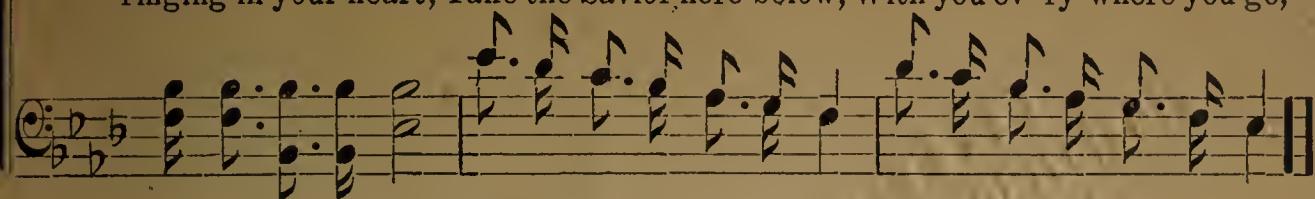
Joy bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - - - bells,
 Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joy - bells,



You May Have The Joybells. Concluded.



ringing in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev'-ry-where you go,



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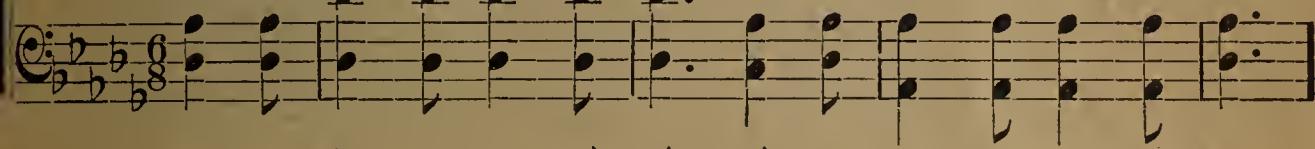
Perfect Peace.

MARY A. S. BARBER.

J. M. HARRIS.



1. Prince of peace, con - trol my will, Bid this struggling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, O - pened wide the gate of God;
3. May Thy will, not mine be done, May Thy will and mine be one;
4. Sav - ior! at Thy feet I fall; Thou my life, my God, my all!



Bid my fears and doubtings cease, Hush my spir - it in - to peace.
Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with Thee.
Chase these doubtings from my heart, Now Thy perfect peace im - part.
Let Thy hap - py ser - vant be One for - ev - er-more with Thee!



CHORUS.



Cleanse my heart from in - bred sin, Bring the Ho - ly Spir - it in;



Then will my doubts and fears de-part, And perfect peace reign in my heart.



EMMA M. JOHNSTON.
Effective as a Solo.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. By Sa - ma - ria's way-side well, Once a bless-ed message fell On a
 2. And a lit - tle cap-tive maid, By a lep - er un-dis-mayed, Told to
 3. As the eu - nuch tried to read, Phil - ip taught him of his need, And bap-
 4. O thou fountain, deep and wide, Flow-ing from the wounded side That was

wom - an's thirst-y soul, Long a - go; And to eyes that long were sealed
 him a sim - ple sto-ry, Long a - go; That the stream where he might lave
 tized him in the stream, Long a - go; As the out - ward seal and sign
 pierced for our redemption, Long a - go; In thy ev - er-cleans-ing wave

Was the glorious light reveal'd, Thro' a fountain that was o-pened Long a - go.
 Had a - lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his trust in that old fountain, Long a - go.
 Of an inward work divine, That was wrought thro' that old fountain, Long a - go.
 There is found all pow'r to save; 'Tis the pow'r that healed the nations, Long a - go.

CHORUS.

There's a fount - ain that was o-pened Long a - go; For the
 Long a - go;

heal-ing of the na - tions is its flow; A - long the line of a - ges,

The Old Fountain. Concluded.



The prophets and the sages Caught the singing of the waters, Long a - go.....
Long a-go.



104

I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S.

Rey. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.



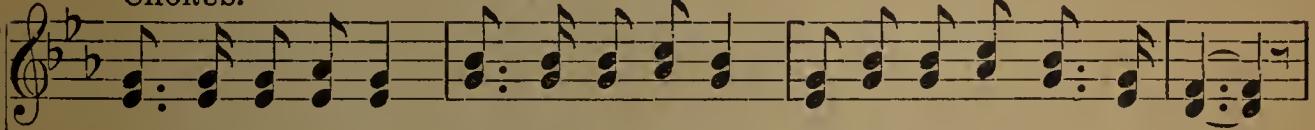
1. When I shall reach the more excellent glo-ry, And all my tri- als are passed,
2. We shall not wait till the glo-ri-ous dawn-ing Breaks on the vis-ion so fair,
3. More and more like Him, repeat the blest story, O-ver and o-ver a-gain,



I shall be like Him, O won-der-ful stor-y! I shall be like Him at last.
Now we may wel-come the heav-en-ly morn-ing, Now we may His image bear.
Changed by His spirit from glo-ry to glo-ry, I shall be sat-is-fied then.



CHORUS.



I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, And in His beau-ty shall shine,



I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him, Jes-us, my Sav-ior di-vine.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, Lord, and let Thy pow'r On each and all de-scend, While
 2. Come, Lord, and let Thy pow'r Each tho't of self re-move; And
 3. Our wait-ing, long-ing eyes, Are look-ing up to Thee; O
 4. Come, Lord, Thy pow'r a-lone The work of grace can do; Now
 5. Be ours, with fer-vent zeal, Thy blood-stain'd cross to bear; Till

gather'd in Thy ho-ly name, Be-fore Thy throne we bend.
 may we feel as ne'er be-fore Thy pure and per-fect love.
 may we, in Thy smil-ing face, Our Fa-ther's glo-ry see.
 let it con-se-crate to Thee Our hearts and lives a-new.
 at Thy feet we lay it down, A crown of life to wear.

REFRAIN.

from Thine al-tar touch our hearts With coals of sa-cred fire.

CHARLES WESLEY.

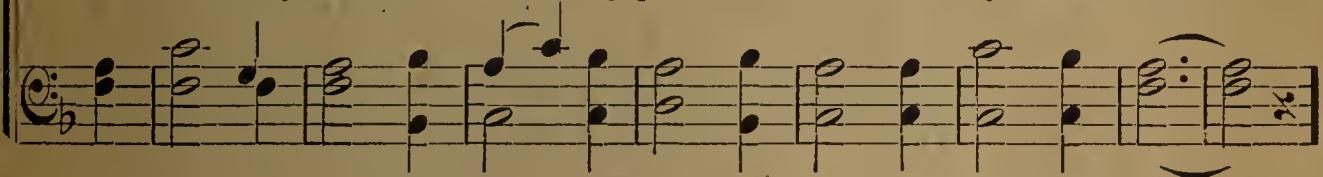
Melody furnished by Rev. E. L. HYDE.



1. Je - sus, thine all - vic - to - rious love Shed in my heart a - broad;
 2. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be - gin to glow,
 3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume!
 4. Re - fin - ing fire go thro' my heart, Il - lum - in - ate my soul;



Then shall my feet no long - er rove, Root-ed and fixed in God.
 Burn up the dross of base de - sire And make the mountains flow!
 Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for thee I call; Spir - it of burn - ing, come!
 Scat - ter Thy life thro' ev - 'ry part, And sanc - ti - fy the whole.



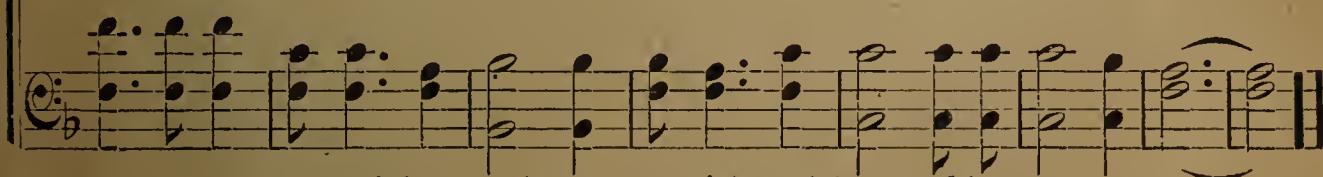
CHORUS.



O, it is com - ing! O, it is com-ing! The fire of the Ho - ly Ghost;



O, it is com-ing! My sins con - sum-ing, The fire of the Ho - ly Ghost.



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1. { When out in sin, and darkness lost, Love found me; My fainting soul was
I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me; Come weary, heavy
2. { The Spir - it rous'd me from my sleep, Love found me; Conviction seiz'd me
Al-though I long withstood His grace, Love found me; He wooed me to His

1

2

CHORUS.

tem-pest toss'd, Love found me;
la - den rest, Love found
strong and deep, Love found me;
kind em - brace, Love found

me. } Oh, 'twas love, love,
me. } Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,

Love that moved the mighty God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

3 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
Love found me;
For saving from an endless death,
Love found me;
Christ is my advocate above,
Love found me;
I'm yoked to Him in perfect love,
Love found me.—CHO.

4 And when I reach the gold paved street,
Love found me;
I'll sit adoring at His feet,
Love found me;
And sing hosannas round the throne,
Love found me;
Where I shall know as I am known,
Love found me.—CHO.

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1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part,
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

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| I see my Saviour hanging, | 55 | O why do you linger, | 33 | Would you be free from, | 15 |
| I shall be like Him, | 104 | Peace like a river, | 41 | Would you live for Jesus, | 66 |
| I've been washed, | 39 | Perfect peace, | 102 | Ye are the temples, | 2 |
| | | Prince of Peace, | 102 | You may have the joy bells, | 101 |

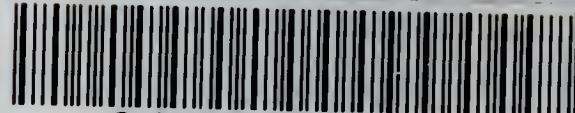
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